

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SERMONS.

Religious Discourses. By a Layman. 8vo. pp. 79. London, 1828. Colburn.

THERE is something so curiously attractive in the announcement of *Sermons by Sir Walter Scott*, that we doubt not these pages will arrest the attention of many for whom a Religious Discourse never before possessed either interest or charm. Influenced by one of the busiest, but, generally, the least dignified of our natural propensities, expecting to discover the brilliant fancy of the poet, rather than the sublime morality of the divine, this description of readers may unconsciously, but fortunately, be led into a closer examination of the doctrines, and a more attentive consideration of the advantages of that creed, to which they have nominally subscribed; and thus Sir Walter Scott will become instrumental in rendering an essential service to the cause of morality and truth, and one of which, possibly, he little dreamt, when Friendship (to whose calls no man on earth can be more alive,) induced him to put on the unusual garb, in which, on this occasion, he stands arrayed. It is true that Discourses equally powerful and awakening may be, and perhaps are, poured weekly upon idle and inattentive ears; but no ear can remain closed, no heart continue untouched, when the master spirit of the age becomes the expounder of gospel truths, the earnest and eloquent advocate of the pure and simple precepts promulgated by the divine Founder of Christianity.

Sir Walter's avowed appreciation of his first essay in divinity, is sufficiently humble; but the way in which he accounts for having attempted it, and his own criticism on it, are of too interesting a character to be omitted; we accordingly quote the preface, which includes a portion of a letter from Sir Walter:

"The history of the following remarkable productions of their illustrious author's mind, may be very briefly told. They were written some time ago, with the kind intention of serving a youthful friend, then pursuing his theological studies; but without the slightest idea that they would ever meet the public eye. Circumstances, however, which have occurred since that period, induced the gentleman for whom they were composed to request the author's permission to publish them for his own benefit, which was cordially granted.

"In these discourses, the reader will find some of the most momentous questions which can exercise the human mind, discussed with great eloquence, ingenuity, and force of argument. Yet it was not without a strong feeling of diffidence that the writer consented to lay before the public this new and striking proof of the strength and versatility of his genius, as will appear from the following extract of a letter:—

"The Religious Discourses which you call to my mind, were written entirely for your use,

and are therefore your property. They were never intended for publication, as nobody knows better than yourself; nor do I willingly consent that they should be now given to the press, as it may be thought that I have intermeddled with matters for which I have no commission. I have also to add, that they contain no novelty of opinion, and no attempt at brilliancy of composition. They were meant, I may remind you, to show that a rational and practical discourse upon a particular text was a task more easily performed than you, in your natural anxiety, seemed at the time disposed to believe. I am afraid that those who open this pamphlet with expectations of a higher kind will be much disappointed. As, however, you seem to be of opinion that the publication will be attended with much benefit to you, I make no objection to it, and will be glad to hear that it suits your purpose. This letter will sufficiently indicate my consent to any gentleman of the trade with whom you may treat. I am yours, very sincerely, W. S.

"Abbotsford, January 2, 1828."

The first of these discourses is entitled, *The Christain and the Jewish Dispensations compared*, and the text is from Matthew, v. 17, 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' The elucidation of this passage is ingenious and elaborate, without being at all dry or didactic. Sir Walter considers this important declaration of Jesus, as it concerns, first, those to whom it was instantly and directly addressed; and, secondly, the present generation, 'who look back on what was then spoken with the advantage of comparing the divine prophecy with the events which have since ensued.' Upon the first point, he observes,—

"We are to remember that Jesus came to his own, and that his own received him not. He proffered the inestimable treasures of the Gospel to that chosen people to whom God himself had condescended to be legislator; and, vain of their own imaginary wealth, they refused to accept this new and far richer gift at his hands. Nay, it even seemed that the nearer they approached in external observances, at least, to claim in a peculiar manner the title of children obedient to the law of their heavenly Father, the less were the Jews disposed to recognize Him that was greater than Moses. His mission was rejected by the Sadducees, the free-thinkers of the Judaical institution, who disbelieved the existence of angel and spirit, and whose sceptical and selfish opinions made them deaf to the proclamation. They, who believed in no state of future retribution, and conceived that the souls and bodies of men went down to the grave together, luxurious as men who would enjoy the passing hour, and indifferent as men who held speculative doctrines as of trifling importance, were naturally averse to the reception of a system which implied a general renunciation of all temporal benefits, and subjected the disciples of Christ, as well as their Divine Teacher, to peril, privation, captivity and death.

"But besides these epicureans of Israel, the

Pharisees, also, a sect who placed their pride in the most precise observances of the law of Moses; who admitted the existence of a state of future rewards and punishments; who believed in the immortality of the soul, and were systematically regular in divine worship and religious ordinances, were even more inimical to the Gospel than the Sadducees themselves. What startled the Atheist amid his carnal enjoyments, no less disturbed the hypocrite; who in the plenitude of spiritual pride, thanked God that He had not made him as other men, or even as the humble publican, who, with a contrite and broken heart, was laying a confession of his sins before an offended Deity."

He then takes a forcible view of the strength which the pride and national prejudices of the Jews added to their objections against Jesus of Nazareth, when they considered that he contemplated the destruction of the Levitical Law, and goes on:

"Although there be no question that the Almighty, through all ages, had been pleased to enlighten the eyes of many individuals among his chosen people, to see and know the secret purposes of his dispensation, yet it is certain that the great majority of the Jewish nation had, for some time prior to the advent of our Saviour, fallen into many gross and carnal errors both respecting the law and the prophets. In regard to the former, they, and particularly the sect of the Pharisees, seem to have lost all sense of the end and purpose of the types and ceremonies enjoyed by Moses, and to have substituted the minute discharge of his ritual as something excellent and meritorious in itself, capable of being received as an atonement for the neglecting those general points of virtue and morality upon which dispensation, as well as all that emanates from the Divine Author, was originally founded, and with which it ought for ever to have been animated. But when the observance of the minute ceremonial was substituted instead of love to God and duty to our neighbours, the system resembled some ancient tree, which continues to show green boughs and a stately form to those who regard it only on the outside, but when carefully examined proves rotten and false at heart, and valueless, excepting as a matter of outward show;

"All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey within." [beneath]*

"In pointing out to his hearers, therefore, the true fulfilment of the law, our blessed Redeemer showed that it consisted not in a strict and literal interpretation of the express precepts of the law, but in the adoption of an ample and liberal interpretation, carrying the spirit of each precept into all the corresponding relations of life. Thus, he taught that not alone by actual slaughter was the perpetrator in danger of the judgment, but that all causeless enmity, all injurious language, the source and provocation of deeds of violence, was forbidden. Not only, added the same pure and heavenly Teacher, is the foul act of adultery prohibited in the law, but all unclean thoughts which lead to such a

* Lord Byron observes, that, 'when one great poet quotes another, he ought to do so correctly,' and we are of the same opinion.—REV.

crime are forbidden by the same precept. The same law, pursues the Divine Interpreter, which prohibits a breach of oath, forbids, by its essence, all idle and unnecessary appeals to that solemnity; and the same precept which verbally goes no farther than to enjoin an equitable retribution of injuries according to the *lex talionis*, includes in it a recommendation to humility, to patience under and forgiveness of injuries, to universal benevolence, to the return of good for evil, and to the practice of every virtue, not in the restricted and limited sense of compliance with the letter of the law, but with an extended and comprehensive latitude, becoming the children of our heavenly Father, whose universal benevolence causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and his rain to descend on the just and the unjust.

The other discourse is on the Blessedness of the Righteous, and the text is supplied by the six opening verses of Psalm 1. An excellent example of Sir Walter's mode of illustrating this most beautiful of the psalmist's 'divine hymns,' is supplied by the following quotations:—

'Nor sitteth he, whom the psalmist describes, in the seat of the scornful. There is a grave and delusive reasoning which causeth to err—there is an example of sin which is more seductive than sophistry—but there is a third, and to many dispositions a yet more formidable mode of seduction, arising from evil communication. It is the fear of ridicule, a fear so much engrafted on our nature, that many shrink with apprehension from the laugh of scorers, who could refute their arguments, resist their example, and defy their violence. There has never been an hour or an age, in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed against the Christian faith than our own day. Wit and ridicule have formed the poignant sauce with which infidels have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the swinish messes of pollution, which they have spread unblushingly before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the apostate spirit himself, such as we conceive him to be—loving nothing, honouring nothing, feeling neither the enthusiasm of religion nor of praise, but striving to debase all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and praiseworthy, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering.

'We are far from terming a harmless gratification of a gay and lively spirit sinful or even useless. It has been said, and perhaps with truth, that there are tempers which may be won to religion, by indulging them in their natural bent towards gaiety. But supposing it true that a jest may sometimes hit him who flies a sermon, too surely there are a hundred cases for one where the sermon cannot remedy the evil which a jest has produced. According to our strangely varied faculties, our sense of ridicule, although silent, remains in ambush and upon the watch during offices of the deepest solemnity, and actions of the highest sublimity; and if aught happens to call it into action, the sense of the ludicrous becomes more resistless from the previous contrast, and the considerations of decorum, which ought to restrain our mirth, prove like oil seethed upon the flame. There is also an unhappy desire in our corrupt nature, to approve of audacity even in wickedness, as men chiefly applaud those feats of agility which are performed at the risk of the artist's life. And such is the strength and frequency of this unhallowed temptation, that there are perhaps but few, who have not at one time or other fallen into the snare, and laughed at that at which they ought to have trembled. But, O my soul, come not thou into their secret, nor yield thy part of the promised blessing, for the poor gratification of sitting in

the seat of the scorner, and sharing in the unprofitable mirth of fools, which is like the crackling of thorns under the pot!'

'The third verse describes, by a beautiful eastern simile, the advantages with which the forbearance from evil counsel, from the company of sinners, and from the mirth of scoffers and blasphemers, must needs be attended. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

'In one point of view, this striking promise may be supposed to refer to temporal blessings, which, under the theocracy of the Jews, were more directly and more frequently held forth as the reward of the righteous, than under the dispensations of the gospel. We must own, also, that even in our own times, religion is sometimes the means of procuring temporal prosperity to its votaries. The more a man meditates upon God's law, the more he feels it his duty to render his life useful to his fellow-creatures. And tried honesty, approved fidelity, devoted courage, public spirit, the estimation created by a blameless conduct, and the general respect which even the profane bear to a man of conscience and honesty, often elevate to eminence: and happy is it for the land when such are its princes and governors, or are possessors and distributors of its wealth and fulness. But though this be true, we shall err grossly if we conceive temporal felicity is here alluded to as being either the appropriate or the unvaried reward of righteousness. Were this the case, an earthly, inadequate, and merely transient reward, would be unworthy of spiritual merit; and were it to be the certain and unvaried consequence of a due discharge of religious duties, I fear that though the banks of our Jordan might be more thickly studded than at present with trees fair and flourishing in outward appearance, the core of many would be tainted with rottenness; or, without a metaphor, men who were not openly profane, would drive a trade with their religion, under the mask of hypocrisy.

'It is safer, therefore, to view the blessed state of the righteous, as consisting in that calm of the mind, which no one can enjoy without the applause of his own conscience, and the humble confidence in which, with mingled faith and hope, the good man throws himself on the protection of Providence. His leaves which wither not, but clothe him as well in the winter of adversity, as in the spring and summer of prosperity, are goodly and comforting reflections, that in whatever state he is called to, he is discharging the part destined for him by an affectionate and omnipotent Father;—and his incorruptible fruits rendered in their season, are good and pious thoughts towards God, kind and generous actions towards his fellow-creatures, sanctified, because rendered in the spirit and with the humble faith of a Christian.'

We had intended to indulge in more copious quotations, but a consideration of the size of the pamphlet induces us to refrain; and having shown that these discourses possess a claim upon attention, independent of, and superior to that which they derive from the circumstance of their proceeding from Sir Walter Scott, we have done enough to recommend them to readers who resist the influence of *fashion* and *a name*, and with all others their reception is secure. The poet, novelist, and historian has made a new and singular addition to a wreath, of which, in the words of Byron, we may say,

'He won it well, and may he wear it long!'

The Croppy; a Tale of 1798. By the Authors of *The O'Hara Tales*, *The Nowlans*, and *The Boyne Water*. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 931. London, 1828. Colburn.

DELIGHTED as we have been with all the previous productions of these gifted 'authors,' and warmly as we have expressed our approbation, it was reserved for *The Croppy* alone to impress us with any idea of the full extent of their genius and capabilities. It is impossible to conceive a scene or actors better suited to the purpose of such writers, (if, indeed, there be more than one,) than Ireland and the unquiet spirits of 1798; and equally difficult to imagine in what other quarter they could have received the justice awarded them in this. All the materials of romance,—all that is wild or daring, magnificent or tender, lay before them, and they have been moulded and embodied with consummate skill. The personages of the story are delineated with all the reality and truth by which the former tales were distinguished, and the story itself, we repeat, glows with the very essence of romance and excitement; but as we do not intend, this week, to offer an analytical notice, we content ourselves with a portion of the first chapter, which our author tells us, 'is introductory and historical, not comprising a word of the tale to which it leads,' but he earnestly entreates all his readers to give it an indulgent perusal: it is chiefly descriptive of national feeling and the state of parties in Ireland between the years 1777 and 1798:

'Few can forget that, in the year 1798, a wide-spread conspiracy, which partially exploded, existed amongst Irishmen of every rank and sect,—having in view a separation from England, and the establishing, upon the ruins of British dominion, an Irish republic.

'The name adopted by the conspirators was that of United Irishmen; but as this name was inherited by them, the necessary task of explaining its nature and import cannot be accomplished without tracing it from its source.

'In 1777, Britain was engaged in the war with her colonies. France, entering into alliance with America, had sent the soldiers of her despotic monarchy to fight for republicanism. England, in want of troops, withdrew her garrison from Ireland, in order to transport them over the Atlantic. Ireland then remained without an army to protect her against a threatened French invasion. She demanded succour from England, and understood that she must defend herself.

'The Irish flew to arms. In a short time, a great national force, self-raised, self-armed, self-equipped, and well disciplined, stood forward to meet the expected foe. None appeared; but had the contrary been the case, such was the steady though chivalrous spirit of military ardour, pervading the country from north to south, that, in any struggle with an invading enemy, Ireland must have triumphed. The Irish volunteers were acknowledged by the legislature as the saviours of their country.'

'In order to become a volunteer, certain outlays, requiring considerable means, were to be incurred; hence, the volunteer ranks were composed of those classes who, by habits or education, are raised above the mere headlong zeal of the multitude:—they were reflecting citizens, as well as chivalrous soldiers. Church of England Protestants, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics, stood side by side in this national band.

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opportunity for the exercise of their military character, they began to contemplate, as politicians, the position of that country. Her legislature and her trade first fixed their attention. The one they found destitute of the power of real enactment; the other they found grievously restricted; and they petitioned for the emancipation of both. England, still without troops to support a refusal, acceded to their demands. In 1782, Ireland owed to her armed citizens of every sect, an independent parliament and a free trade. The steady union of her children made her a nation.

'It will be convenient for our purpose to pass from 1784 to 1792, and examine the position and state of the volunteers at the latter-mentioned period. And, at a glance, we find them, from many causes, decreased in numbers, influence, and importance.'

'Belfast, the capital of the Protestant north, first gave birth to political clubs, which, in imitation of similar ones in France and England, sought, by means of correspondence, publication, and otherwise, to disseminate beyond their own circle, opinions upon the government under which they lived. One of similar character followed them in Dublin; and, long after the year 1792, to this city, and to Belfast, such associations were almost exclusively limited.'

'Their members, in both places, may emphatically be termed the last of the volunteers. The declared objects of all were, a full reform in parliament, and a full emancipation of Roman Catholics. And the title adopted by them, in 1792, and now first fixed, was that of *United Irishmen*.'

'At length matters came for the present to a crisis. Under the very eye of "the castle," appeared in Dublin an armed band, styling themselves, in almost avowedly republican phrase, Irish National Guards. They wore green uniform, the national colour; and their standard was a harp, without a crown. Upon a particular day they were to muster, as if to show their strength. The lord lieutenant issued his proclamation against such a meeting; the garrison of Dublin prepared to support his manifesto; and the National Guards had no review day. A previous identity between this band and the United Irish clubs is not proved; but such identification seems to have soon taken place.'

'The Catholics saw that, from the dominant party of the land, they had no chance of favour. Still, however, they remained unconnected, as a body, with the other party; and, in 1793, made a grand effort to rise beyond the clamour and intrigues of their domestic enemies, by carrying their petitions to the very foot of the throne. Their success, considering it as a first attempt in diplomacy, was surprising. At first refused the ear even of the secretary, in London, they ultimately wrought their way, by perseverance and cleverness, to the presence of the sovereign himself; were most graciously received; obtained the royal promise that their prayer should be recommended; and, at the close of the year, additional concessions—much short of their hopes, however—were granted to them.'

'Whilst with a few exceptions, Catholics of intellect and consideration still, however, held back, a well-known event precipitated them into a junction with the United Irish. In 1795, Earl Fitzwilliam became chief governor of Ireland, upon the understanding that, while going certain lengths to satisfy the Protestant reformers, he was to grant complete relief to Catholics. The Irish people were allowed to believe that the day of grace was now indeed at hand. But so soon as the war supplies had been voted, Lord Fitzwilliam received a summons to return to England; the promises he

had been allowed to hold out were broken; the vivid hopes of the Catholic leaders changed into blank despair; and while the triumphant shouts of the "Ascendancy" rang in their ears, many of them became, through mixed feelings of wrath and self-assertion, sworn enemies of the national connection which seemed to doom them to perpetual insult and inferiority.'

The author next gives a rapid sketch of the various parties: Ascendancy men, Peep-o'-day-boys, and the Defenders, which preceded the wild outbreak of the Irish peasantry in 1798.

'After some years of trembling passiveness, the Catholics formed themselves into counter-associations, of which the very name—"Defenders"—indicates the spirit and nature. Both combinations gradually spread into Connaught and Leinster, and, in 1793, *Defenderism* reached the scene of our tale, the county of Wexford.'

'Besides the illegal despotism adopted to put down the Defenders of 1795, numbers of them had been executed according to the usual process. Hence it appeared that defenderism was deemed, by authority, near akin to high treason. The old Peep-o'-day boys, as professed supporters of government,—boasting indeed, we know not how truly, of its countenance,—acted upon the hint. With freshened zeal and energy they re-opened the campaign against their fellow-countrymen; and now, anxious to profess their loyalty in the very telling of their name, they changed their original title into that of Orangemen—the appellation retained, to the present day, by them, or by their successors.'

'Having achieved, in a kind of pitched battle, a brilliant victory over the objects of their hate, they professed the intention of banishing from Ulster every professor of the odious creed. Upon the dwellings of such they posted the following notice,—"To hell or Connaught, you ——— papist! if you are not gone by ——— (a specified day,) we will come back and reckon with you; we hate all papists here!" And if the command was not obeyed, they kept their word; returned; burnt the house or cabin of the disobedient party; compelled him and his family to fly; and thus were hundreds driven from their homes to spread, amongst millions of their own persuasion, the story and the warning, at once, of their individual suffering.'

'However unfounded might have been the boast of the Orangeman that he acted under high authority, it remained uncontradicted, and the southern as well as the northern peasant took its truth for granted. In common, therefore, with the terror and abhorrence of their old persecutors, now felt by the lower classes of Catholics, arose a confirmed sentiment of hatred towards those who, it was believed, had set them on. Farther, it became credited that the Orange oath was a horrid covenant, horribly worded, to exterminate Catholics all over Ireland: and the government, which was supposed to countenance such an oath, as well as the detested party who were supposed to take it, stood forth as joint objects of the mad revenge, and of the frightful mode of conflict, (ere their final rising, again and again inculcated by Orangemen,) of the insurgent peasants of Leinster.'

'Many were the differences between the inauguration, upon the very eve of warfare, of the Catholic republican of the south, and that of the original framers of the conspiracy in the north; many were the differences between their views and feelings in the common struggle; but no difference between them is so remarkable, or so melancholy, as the fact that the effort, which had been planned in a spirit of sectarian unanimity, should thus change

into a mere religious contest throughout the southern and western parts of Ireland. Previous to the insurrection, almost every protestant, whether sworn or not, chose to be considered as an Orangeman; by skilful management, in able hands, the badge of that party became a necessary symbol of loyalty; few of the established religion, therefore, from motives of choice or of prudence, as the case might be, appeared abroad without it. The Catholic peasant confounded all the late adherents of his abhorred enemies with the first and worst who had persecuted him; Protestant and Orangeman became, in his mind, synonymous words; and in this delusion he caught up his rude and formidable pike, when, without time being afforded him to reflect, he was precipitated, by United Irish emissaries on the one hand, and by monstrous and wanton outrage on the other, into the *melée* of civil strife.'

A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, preceding the Capitulation, and during the Occupancy of that City by the Allied Armies in the year 1814; being Extracts from the Journal of a Détenu. 8vo. pp. 298. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE picture which this narrative presents of the last act but one of the wild and strange revolutionary drama which the world so long witnessed and endured, will be contemplated with interest, though it comes late, and we have had many similar productions. It is the work of one who has resided at Paris ever since 1803, having been detained as a prisoner in the summer of that year, in consequence of what Mr. Britton justly terms 'the peevish arrêté of Bonaparte.' In consequence of an intimacy with some *savans* of Paris, he was indulged with permission to return to that city, instead of being consigned to Valenciennes, as were many of his fellow unfortunates. During the whole of his eleven years' captivity, he enjoyed the friendship of many eminent persons in the French capital, and was allowed frequent access to the Empress Josephine, in her domestic and private station.

'This,' observes Mr. Britton, in his very manly and judicious introductory address, 'this was a favour which few others possessed, and, of course, afforded a familiar insight into many circumstances which were never proclaimed to the world. To one who has been in the habit of keeping a regular daily journal, from infancy, of all events, interesting traits of character, and circumstances connected with art, science, and literature,—such an opportunity, and such eventful occurrences, were calculated to awaken more than common curiosity and interest, and he availed himself of it by preserving a faithful record of all the memorable transactions which occurred in the French metropolis for upwards of twelve years. The scenes delineated in the following journal, so kept—the characteristic anecdotes which it imparts of national manners—of personal incidents—of the savage and murderous scenes of warfare—of the distracted state of alarm in some, and of indifference in others—of the successive events of infuriated conflict and slaughter, contrasted by pompous triumphant processions, and rapid transition to gaiety and pastimes—of the expulsion of a warrior, emperor, and despot from his throne, and the exaltation of an exiled artful king to the sovereignty of a nation,—cannot fail of creating the alternate emotions of curiosity, sympathy, and interest. Had the journalist originally calculated on giving publicity to his narrative, he would have sought for, and obtained further details; he would have worked up his pictures to a

higher degree of finish,—to more vivid effects of light and shade,—to more skilful grouping,—and to more powerful and palpable expression. But his chief object was to preserve slight, though faithful sketches of passing events; and these would have remained undisturbed in his own portfolio but for the advice of a few friends, and from a knowledge that much misrepresentation had gone abroad respecting many public persons and subjects, which are legitimate objects of history, and of which his journal preserved authentic records.*

Mr. Britton apologizes for his friend's carelessness of style, and states that the writer 'has neither aimed at elegance nor eloquence of diction.' Be this as it may, the narrative is distinguished by considerable vivacity and graphic power. It is true the author takes rather individual than general views of the singular circumstances by which he is surrounded, and too often draws our attention from armed millions and their kingly chiefs, to the petty interests of the liberated captive. Amid the confusion and cowardice, the ferocity and folly, the treachery and the trials of the hour, amid all the magnificent and the mean occurrences, (for they were strangely mingled and contrasted,) which attended the most astounding reverse recorded in the annals of the world, the pencil and the note-book are too frequently brought before us, attention is embarrassed, and the imagination cools. On this account we consider the form of the diary ill-adapted to the description of events of magnitude, and could have wished that our author, (who, we feel assured, possessed the ability,) had assumed a graver attitude as an historian; but he says, 'I am not an author, nor do I aspire to the honour,—profit I entirely forego, and fame I have no right to expect,'—we must, therefore, take the book as it is, and be grateful for it, though it be not all that we might have desired.

The state of Paris in January and February, 1814, is minutely described, and the details are necessarily of the most chequered and exciting nature. Passing these over, however, we make our first quotation from the memoranda of Tuesday, March 29. At this period Blücher's head-quarters were at Plessis Belleville, and that venerable warrior had forbade the occupation of the adjacent village of Ermenonville, out of respect to the spot where J. J. Rousseau died and was buried; an act which, coupled with the extreme sensibility he evinced when the allies entered Paris,* makes us think very favourably of the rough old soldier's heart. We now return to our *Détenu*, who, under the date mentioned, informs us that—

'The national guard was this morning under arms in every part of Paris. The barriers and all the military posts in the interior of the city were delivered up to them by the troops of the line, who bivouacked without the walls. The "roi Joseph" visited the heights about noon; but was prevented from proceeding far, as they were occupied by the allies, of whose force he returned as ignorant as when he set out. Thus was the safety of the metropolis confided to a man whose want of intellect and inexperience in war was not even compensated

* After the guard had defiled before the Emperor of Russia, and Muffin had conducted the emperor to Talleyrand's, Alexander returned to Montmartre, where Blücher had remained indisposed the whole day with what was said to be a complaint in his eyes, and did not enter Paris till two days afterwards. The fact was, that the excitement of the late events had temporarily affected his mind.

by personal courage; and this was not the result of dire necessity, but of Napoleon's own combinations.

'The influx of the surrounding population continued to pour into the city for refuge and protection; but of the situation, or force of the allied army, every one appeared marvelously ignorant; nor did its approach excite any great consternation in the thoughtless Parisians. The peasantry, after depositing their property, augmented the number of stupid gapers on the Boulevards, along which, at ten o'clock, some artillery, tumbrils, and small detachments of cavalry, passed towards the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. The lugubrious sound of the tumbrils, rolling along the pavement, harmonized with the foreboding aspect of affairs.

'I went this morning to the Museum of the Louvre, where I found nearly the usual number of artists; some of them were quietly copying the pictures; but many were looking from the windows into the court-yard of the Tuileries at the preparations for the departure of the empress, Marie-Louise.

'Napoleon had sent orders to the arch-chancellor, that if the allies approached Paris, the empress regent, the king of Rome, the council of the regency, ministers, senate, &c. should repair to the banks of the Loire; vainly flattering himself that, should a party hostile to him be formed in Paris under the sanction of the allies, not having the seal of the empire to affix to their acts, they would not be valid. The empress and council of the regency wished to remain at Paris; but on Cambacères producing the imperial mandate, all further remarks ceased.

'It is the general opinion, even among the most strenuous partisans of the Bourbons, that had the empress remained, whatever might have been the fate of Napoleon, there would have been no movement in behalf of the royal family; and the little band of royalists finding no support, would have pined away neglected and despised.

'At day-break, the disorder which had reigned all night in the Tuileries was exposed to the public. The window-shutters being opened, the wax lights in the chandeliers were seen expiring in their sockets. The ladies of the court were discovered running from apartment to apartment; some were weeping, and in a state of distraction; whilst servants were hurrying from place to place in like confusion. At half after six, fifteen fourgons, escorted by cavalry, left the palace. It was afterwards known that these carriages contained the amassed treasures of Napoleon. Sentries, stationed in the court-yard, prevented any of the spectators approaching this part of the palace. At eight o'clock the travelling carriages were at that entrance of the Tuileries near the Pavillon de Flore, and arrangements were making for departure. A little before nine, an officer came to the door from the interior with fresh orders, in consequence of which the carriages were taken across the Place Carusel back to the stables. Cambacères arrived ten minutes after nine; and a few minutes after, a servant galloped to the stables, the carriages returned, the preparations for the journey were continued and partially completed, and at half-past ten the Empress Marie Louise, in a brown cloth riding-habit, with the King of Rome in one coach, surrounded by guards, and followed by several other coaches, with attendants, quitted the palace; the spectators preserving the most profound silence. They proceeded along the quay under the garden wall; to this first cavalcade succeeded other carriages with the domestics, and the state coach covered up. This scene occupied the whole day and until seven in the morning of the 30th. Even after the capitulation of Paris was signed, several

wagons, laden with large packing-cases, were driven from the palace.'

The departure of Josephine may not inappropriately follow this:—

'The Empress Josephine quitted Malmaison for her domain at Navarre, in the department de l'Eure, near Evreux, at half after two o'clock in the afternoon, having waited nearly an hour for the arrival of a bag of money from Paris to defray the expenses of her journey. There were three carriages; and the first six leagues were performed with her own horses, the remaining fourteen leagues with those of the post. Constantine, the keeper of her pictures, was at Malmaison when she set off, by whom she sent a letter to the minister of police. At Navarre, Mademoiselle de Comonde told me she was joined by her daughter, the Queen of Holland. In public she preserved her habitual calm and amiable manners; but she passed the night at her window and on a terrace in the garden, eagerly listening for the approach of a courier charged with her future destiny, of which, as well as what had taken place at Paris, all in the château remained ignorant for a week.

'Mademoiselle de Comonde, demoiselle d'honneur to the Empress Josephine, told me she was in the carriage with the empress on the journey to Navarre, and that as Josephine adored her son Eugene Beauharnois, his position caused her the greatest uneasiness. She always continued to love Napoleon, whom she saw for the last time just before he set out for Moscow. She sometimes went from Malmaison to Paris after dark to see Queen Hortensia, who resided in the Rue Cerutti.

'This extraordinary separation from Napoleon, who, it is well known, always entertained for this fascinating woman, his divorced empress, the most constant affection, was attributed at court to the protest and interference of the Empress Marie Louise.'

The following was a day on which the destiny of Napoleon's good city of Paris visibly approached its consummation. Our author says,

'I was awakened at half after six by a single drummer of the national guard going round beating to arms, and at the same moment heard the roaring of cannon in the direction of Belleville. It was a mild, gray morning. On looking out, I saw numbers of my neighbours of both sexes, with their night-capped heads out of window, and in a state of semi-nudity, which produced a very singular effect. The third battalion of the second legion of the national guard was forming in the street before the house of the chef de bataillon, Count Alexandre de Laborde, and where they were receiving ball-cartridges. Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angely, the chief of the second legion, was riding about on a prancing cream-coloured charger, blustering and giving orders.

'Mr. L—— called, and we walked as far as the fountain on the Boulevard de Bondi; but there was no appearance of military on that side of the Butte St. Chaumont and Belleville; we therefore proceeded thence by the Rue des Vinaigriers to a field behind the hospital St. Louis, but we could only see a vidette; a heavy cannonade was heard to the north and east, apparently very near to us. A few people had collected in this field, and amongst them I observed a hawker crying bread and brandy, "*Prenez la goutte, cassez la croûte*," with as much unconcern as at a fair. The national guards at the adjoining barrier would not suffer any one to pass. We crossed to the upper part of the Fauxbourg St. Martin, where several of the fiacres were collecting by the police officers, who had put them in requisition for the service of the wounded. From

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thence we descended the fauxbourg, where no one out of uniform was allowed to loiter. The military were, by order, forcing the inhabitants to shut their porte-cochères and shops. When we arrived on the boulevards, many persons were assembled out of curiosity; but no patriotic energy, no consternation, or any tendency to it, was evinced; the people appeared almost every thing but what might be expected they would or ought to be. The grisettes were running about giggling and laughing; small parties of soldiers under arms were moving in different directions. Some national guards were conducting three prisoners of war to the état-major, one of whom had just been wounded; a few of the people proposed killing the prisoners, but those who openly commiserated them were the most numerous.

'I breakfasted with Mr. L—— at nine o'clock. The cannonade nearly ceased from nine to half-past ten, when it became very brisk. After breakfast we called on the Princess de C—— and Miss d'A——, whose courtyard was full of cows belonging to some country people. We then went to the Rue de Clichy; the third battalion of the second legion, consisting of 300 national guards, were marching up this street, with drums beating, headed by Counts Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angely and Alexander de Laborde, on horseback; the former looking very pompous, and the latter grave; the major part of the privates with rolls, buns, or pieces of bread stuck upon their bayonets, affecting to imitate the regulars carrying their ammunition-bread when on a march; but none seemed to take any interest in the battle. Arriving at the barrier, they halted. We waited some time to see if they would go out; but observing no such disposition, and being unable to get through the ranks so as to gain the chemin-ronde, we returned, and went by the Rue du Rocher to the barrier of Mousseaux, when we found that none but military were allowed to go out of Paris. Thence we went to the Rue Cisalpine, wishing to get into Mousseaux gardens, in which was a post of national guards; but a sentry, at the corner of the Rue de Courcelles, prevented us from approaching the entrance to the gardens. We therefore returned to the large field behind Tivoli gardens, in which, from the barrier of Clichy to that of Mousseaux, a subterranean aqueduct was constructing, parallel and near to the wall of Paris. The earth thrown out formed a bank sufficiently high to enable us to look over the wall, and command a view of the western part of the plain of St. Denis, from Clichy to St. Ouen, and to the right of Montmartre, Belleville, Menilmontant, and Mont Louis, beyond which we were prevented from seeing by the houses in the Rue de Clichy. We determined to remain on this spot, calculating that the allies would attempt to turn Montmartre, and that from this position we should be enabled to see the manœuvre. At this time we could only see three or four soldiers at the west summit of Montmartre. At about twelve o'clock the cannonade slackened, and the musketry was rarely heard; but at half-past one the firing became general along the whole line on the heights, extending beyond Mont Louis from the Butte St. Chaumont. From between Menilmontant and Belleville the cannonade appeared very brisk among the trees. A house was on fire at Belleville, the smoke of which ascended far above that of the artillery, and was, by its blackish-brown colour, easily distinguished from the white smoke of gunpowder. Towards three o'clock the firing almost ceased in that direction.

'About one o'clock, nearly an hundred national guards, preceded by their pioneers, marched out of the barrier of Clichy as volunteers, taking the St. Denis road, but quitted it

at the first turning to the left; then moving to the right, we lost sight of them behind the Clichy road, at the base of Montmartre. About half an hour after, we perceived a few stragglers of the allied cavalry on the Chemin de la Revolt, and in the cross-road which branches from it near the park of St. Ouen to Clichy, towards the latter of which they were advancing, exchanging some pistol-shots, at the same time, with the French horse. Shortly afterwards, four regiments of the allied infantry, arriving by the same road, made their appearance on the plain between Clichy and St. Ouen, over which the sharpshooters of both armies were thickly scattered. Those of the French consisted of national guards. Some women and country people were seen running across the fields from Clichy, which we shortly afterwards saw was in the possession of the allies, who, advancing by the road from that village to Montmartre, began to fire from a cannon and a howitzer. Another cannon and a howitzer, placed on the summit of the westernmost windmill, returned six or seven shots, and at the same time the French opened two pieces from the elevated part of the same road, where it intersects that from St. Denis to the barrier. The white appearance of the smoke, contrasted with the deep blue of the hills of Montmorency and the lowering sky, produced a grand effect. Shortly afterwards, the cannon belonging to the allies ceased firing. That part of the battle which we could distinguish extended from the village of Clichy until it was hid from us by the rising ground of the road from Clichy to Montmartre, and that of St. Denis. From behind this ground, occasionally a dragoon appeared, leading off his wounded horse. Though what I saw did not fully come up to my idea of the tumult of a battle, yet the novelty of the scene—the roaring of the artillery—the noise of the shot and shells rushing through the air—the evident progress of the allies—and the vain confidence of my fellow spectators, who, blinded by vanity, considered it as a trifling affair—the hope that a few hours would end my captivity—all tended to render the present moment that of the highest excitement and deepest interest I had experienced in my life.

'One man only seemed deeply and silently to feel the humiliation of his country. Many looked on with apathy, and some with satisfaction; but of the immense force of the enemy, all were ignorant. In general, it was believed to be but inconsiderable; for even at half-past three, I heard a fellow, in answer to the remark that the firing increased, say, "Ils jouissent de leur reste; ils seront bientôt nos prisonniers."

'The stables and woodstack of a house at Les Batignoles, just without the barrier of Clichy, were set on fire by a shell from a howitzer; but after burning some time, the pioneers of the national guard succeeded in extinguishing it.

'A horse, with his hind leg dangling by a sinew, was brought into the field where we were, to whose misery a national guard humanely put an end with a musket-ball.

'At three o'clock we walked to the barrier of Clichy, and saw about fifty French cavalry and artillerymen come in with a cannon, a howitzer, and some tumbrils, pretending they were bringing in dismounted pieces, and going to fetch ammunition; but as one of the national guards remarked that the pieces were uninjured, and as, at the same time, a considerable body of cavalry and infantry was attempting to crowd into Paris, the guard posted at the barrier would not let those who were already within proceed, and with great difficulty effected the shutting and barring of the gates of the palisades against those who were without. We returned to our former station, and had scarcely reached it, when a considerable number of

French cavalry and infantry, fugitives from the battle, rushed in at the barrier of Mousseaux, and endeavoured to penetrate into the city. The national guard stopped them, and succeeded in forcing some of the infantry out. A fresh body of national guards arrived, by the Rue du Rocher, with drums beating: few of them were in uniform or armed with muskets, having, in general, only pikes with a tricolor pennon. But the fortune of the day was now decided: the national guards, who were without the walls, returned in disorder. One of them told us that the French troops of the line were running from all their posts, and that the road on the other side of the wall was strewn with the muskets they had thrown away. In this they had been imitated by the national guard, as I saw several without arms, though in uniform. The allied cavalry were now advancing by the fields from Clichy: a squadron of French went to meet them. We were in expectation of seeing a charge; but when they were within about two hundred yards of each other, the French coolly wheeled about, and came leisurely back, the allies continuing as slowly to advance; but not even a pistol-shot was exchanged. At four o'clock we saw the inhabitants of Montmartre running down the old road by the Poirier-sans-pareil, and a few minutes after, two squadrons of French cavalry followed; but before they were half-way down, our eyes were caught by the sight of sharpshooters of the Silesian army appearing in rapid succession, and as they gained the various points of the summit, opening a quick scattered fire upon the fugitives, who returned a few shots in their flight. This, from the irregularity of the ground, and the steepness and winding nature of the road, had a most picturesque and scenic effect. Montmartre was immediately covered by the allies, who, from the different terraces, opened a terrible fire of musketry on the troops which were crowding in at the barriers.

'At twenty minutes after four, the artillery, abandoned by the French on the summit of Montmartre, was turned upon Paris, which the enemy began to cannonade. One ball passed just above our heads, and ploughed up the earth close behind us. The boys scrambled for it; but the other spectators scampered away towards the streets. As there were several national guards on the bank on which we were, it is probable that this ball was fired at them, as all the succeeding balls passed into Paris. One man was mortally wounded in a house in the Rue St. Nicholas, near the Rue du Mont-blanc, and was taken to the hospital, where he died. A shell from a howitzer burst in the gardens of the Hôtel-Telluson, Rue de Provence: another fell on Mr. Greffulhe's garden of the Pavillon de la Boissière, Rue de Clichy. A cannon-ball knocked down a chimney of a house in the Rue Basse du Rempart, No. 8, and fell in the garden of the Hôtel de Gontaud-Biron. I afterwards saw a window-frame which had been shattered, in the Rue St. Martin, opposite the junction of the two roads to Bourget and to Bondi. The porter of a house in the Rue Fontaine-au-Roi, Fauxbourg de Temple, was killed at his door by a cannon-ball, and, doubtless, many others I did not hear of. We returned by the Rue du Rocher. Some national guards, who came in with us, loudly complained of having been abandoned by the troops of the line. Three or four ladies were going up to the barrier in search of their husbands, who were in the national guard. We attempted in vain to persuade them to turn back, as we believed the allies were on the point of rushing into the city. In our way homewards, we again called on the Princess de C——, who informed us that she had just heard from M. d'Herboville, formerly prefect of the department of the Rhone, that there was a

capitulation going on, which was shortly afterwards confirmed to me by M. Lafitte, my banker, whom I met in the Rue Cerutti. As I passed the Rue de Clichy, I saw the inhabitants barricading the lower end with carts, ladders, furniture, logs of firewood, &c. apprehending that the enemy were coming in.

'The firing ceased about five o'clock, with the exception of now and then a distant and random shot. At this time I took a few turns on the boulevards, which were crowded with people, all seemingly ignorant of the fate of the day. The French army was filing mournfully to the Champs Elysées, and all were in a silent sulky mood, strangely contrasting with their usual animation and loquacity. Some cavalry, who were drunk, had got off their horses, and wanted to quarrel with and sabre the bystanders. They bivouacked in the Champs Elysées, the Place Louis XV., and in the Rue de Rivoli, until they evacuated Paris during the night.'

We have marked several other passages, but must defer them till our next.

Constable's Miscellany, Volume XXIII.
Edinburgh, 1828. Constable, Edinburgh;
Hurst and Co., London.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THERE is no bosom in which the name we have just written can fail to awaken feelings honourable to our common nature, whatever the shame, regret, or disappointment which may darken and intermingle with them. In erecting an additional monument to the memory of his illustrious countryman, Mr. Lockhart has performed a task for which he will assuredly receive the thanks and admiration of all parties. So many and such industrious pens have been already employed on the biography of Burns, that much of novelty cannot be reasonably expected; nevertheless it will be found that the present volume is not absolutely without some unhackneyed features; whilst as respects combination, selection, and compression, it lays claim to the very highest praise.

The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Lockhart's volume is a generous endeavour to relieve the memory of Burns from the cloud of misrepresentation which one or two over-conscientious biographers have allowed to rest upon it. Speaking of the habits of the poet after he became a division-officer at Dumfries, he says:—

'That Burns, dissipated enough long ere he went to Dumfries, became still more dissipated in a town, than he had been in the country, is certain. It may also be true, that his wife had her own particular causes, sometimes, for dissatisfaction. But that Burns ever sunk into a toper—that he ever was addicted to solitary drinking—that his bottle ever interfered with his discharge of his duties as an exciseman—or that, in spite of some transitory follies, he ever ceased to be a most affectionate husband—all these charges have been insinuated—and they are all false. His intemperance was, as Heron says, in fits; his aberrations of all kinds were occasional, not systematic; they were all to himself the sources of exquisite misery in the retrospect; they were the aberrations of a man whose moral sense was never deadened, of one who encountered more temptations from without and from within, than the immense majority of mankind, far from having to contend against, are even able to imagine;—of one, finally, who prayed for pardon, where alone effectual pardon could be found;—and who died ere he had reached that term of life up to which the passions of many, who, their mortal career being regarded as a whole, are

honoured as among the most virtuous of mankind, have proved too strong for the control of reason. We have already seen that the poet was careful of decorum in all things during the brief space of his prosperity at Elliesland, and that he became less so on many points, as the prospects of his farming speculation darkened around him. It seems to be equally certain, that he entertained high hopes of promotion in the excise at the period of his removal to Dumfries; and that the comparative recklessness of his later conduct there, was consequent on a certain overclouding of these professional expectations. The case is broadly stated so by Walker and Paul; and there are hints to the same effect in the narrative of Currie.

'The statement has no doubt been exaggerated, but it has its foundation in truth; and by the kindness of Mr. Train, supervisor at Castle Douglas, in Galloway, I shall presently be enabled to give some details which may throw light on this business.'

These details are various and interesting, and prove the propriety of Mr. Lockhart's conclusion, that

'Whatever the rebuke of the Excise Board amounted to—(Mr. James Gray, at that time schoolmaster in Dumfries, and seeing much of Burns both as the teacher of his children, and as a personal friend and associate of literary taste and talent, is the only person who gives anything like an exact statement; and according to him, Burns was admonished "that it was his business to act, not to think")—in whatever language the censure was clothed, the Excise Board did nothing from which Burns had any cause to suppose that his hopes of ultimate promotion were extinguished. Nay, if he had taken up such a notion, rightly or erroneously, Mr. Findlater, who had him constantly under his eye, and who enjoyed all his confidence, and who enjoyed then, as he still enjoys, the utmost confidence of the board, must have known the fact to be so. Such, I cannot help thinking, is the fair view of the case; at all events, we know that Burns, the year before he died, was permitted to act as a supervisor; a thing not likely to have occurred had there been any resolution against promoting him in his proper order to a permanent situation of that superior rank.'

'On the whole, then, I am of opinion that the Excise Board have been dealt with harshly, when men of eminence have talked of their conduct to Burns as affixing disgrace to them. It appears that Burns, being guilty unquestionably of great indiscretion and indecorum both of word and deed, was admonished in a private manner, that at such a period of national distraction, it behoved a public officer, gifted with talents and necessarily with influence like his, very carefully to abstain from conduct which, now that passions have had time to cool, no sane man will say became his situation; that Burns's subsequent conduct effaced the unfavourable impression created in the minds of his superiors; and that he had begun to taste the fruits of their recovered approbation and confidence, ere his career was closed by illness and death. These commissioners of excise were themselves subordinate officers of the government, and strictly responsible for those under them. That they did try the experiment of lenity to a certain extent, appears to be made out; that they could have been justified in trying it to a farther extent, is at the least doubtful. But with regard to the government of the country itself, I must say I think it is much more difficult to defend them. Mr. Mr. Pitt's ministry gave Dibdin a pension of £200 a-year for writing his sea songs; and one cannot help remembering, that when Burns did begin to excite the ardour and patriotism of his countrymen by such songs as Mr. Cunning-

ham has been alluding to, there were persons who had every opportunity of representing to the premier the claims of a greater than Dibdin. Lenity, indulgence, to whatever length carried in such quarters as these, would have been at once safe and graceful. What the minor politicians of the day thought of Burns's poetry I know not; but Mr. Pitt himself appreciated it as highly as any man. "I can think of no verse," said the great minister, when Burns was no more—"I can think of no verse since Shakspeare's, that has so much the appearance of coming sweetly from nature."

The behaviour of Burns at Edinburgh when in the meridian blaze of his attraction, and the evanescent nature of that attraction, are admirably described:—

"One of the poet's remarks," as Cromeck tells us, "when he first came to Edinburgh, was, that between the men of rustic life and the polite world he observed little difference—that in the former, though unpolished by fashion and unenlightened by science, he had found much observation, and much intelligence—but a refined and accomplished woman was a thing almost new to him, and of which he had formed but a very inadequate idea." To be pleased, is the old and the best receipt how to please; and there is abundant evidence that Burns's success, among the high-born ladies of Edinburgh, was much greater than among the "stately patricians," as he calls them, of his own sex. The vivid expression of one of them has almost become proverbial—that she never met with a man, "whose conversation so completely carried her off her feet," as Burns's; and Sir Walter Scott, in his reference to the testimony of the late Duchess of Gordon, has no doubt indicated the two-fold source of the fascination. But even here, he was destined to feel, ere long, something of the fickleness of fashion. He confessed to one of his old friends, ere the season was over, that some who had caressed him the most zealously, no longer seemed to know him, when he bowed in passing their carriages, and many more acknowledged his salute but coldly.

'It is but too true, that ere this season was over, Burns had formed connections in Edinburgh which could not have been regarded with much approbation by the eminent literati, in whose society his *debut* had made so powerful an impression. But how much of the blame, if serious blame, indeed, there was in the matter, ought to attach to his own fastidious jealousy—how much to the mere caprice of human favour, we have scanty means of ascertaining: no doubt, both had their share; and it is also sufficiently apparent that there were many points in Burns's conversational habits which men, accustomed to the delicate observances of refined society, might be more willing to tolerate under the first excitement of personal curiosity, than from any very deliberate estimate of the claims of such a genius, under such circumstances developed. He by no means restricted his sarcastic observations on those whom he encountered in the world to the confidence of his note-book; but startled polite ears with the utterance of audacious epigrams, far too witty not to obtain general circulation in so small a society as that of the northern capital, far too bitter not to produce deep resentment, far too numerous not to spread fear almost as widely as admiration. Even when nothing was farther from his thoughts than to inflict pain, his ardour often carried him headlong into sad scrapes; witness, for example, the anecdote given by Professor Walker, of his entering into a long discussion of the merits of the popular preachers of the day, at the table of Dr. Blair, and enthusiastically avowing his low opinion of all the rest in comparison with Dr. Blair's own colleague and

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most formidable rival—a man, certainly, endowed with extraordinary graces of voice and manner, a generous and amiable strain of feeling, and a copious flow of language; but having no pretensions either to the general accomplishments for which Blair was honoured in a most accomplished society, or to the polished elegance which he first introduced into the eloquence of the Scottish pulpit. Mr. Walker well describes the unpleasing effects of such an *escapade*; the conversation, during the rest of the evening, “labouring under that compulsory effort which was unavoidable, while the thoughts of all were full of the only subject on which it was improper to speak.” Burns showed his good sense by making no effort to repair this blunder; but years afterwards, he confessed that he could never recall it without exquisite pain. Mr. Walker properly says, it did honour to Dr. Blair that his kindness remained totally unaltered by this occurrence; but the professor would have found nothing to admire in that circumstance, had he not been well aware of the rarity of such good-nature among the *genus irritabile* of authors, orators, and wits.

‘A specimen, (which some will think worse, some better,) is thus recorded by Cromek:—“At a private breakfast, in a literary circle of Edinburgh, the conversation turned on the poetical merit and pathos of Gray’s *Elegy*, a poem of which he was enthusiastically fond. A clergyman present, remarkable for his love of paradox and for his eccentric notions upon every subject, distinguished himself by an injudicious and ill-timed attack on this exquisite poem, which Burns, with generous warmth for the reputation of Gray, manfully defended. As the gentleman’s remarks were rather general than specific, Burns urged him to bring forward the passages which he thought exceptionable. He made several attempts to quote the poem, but always in a blundering, inaccurate manner. Burns bore all this for a good while with his usual good-natured forbearance, till at length, goaded by the fastidious criticisms and wretched quibblings of his opponent, he roused himself, and with an eye flashing contempt and indignation, and with great vehemence of gesticulation, he thus addressed the cold critic: ‘Sir, I now perceive a man may be an excellent judge of poetry by square and rule, and after all be a d—d blockhead;’—so far, Mr. Cromek; and all this was to a clergyman, and at breakfast.

‘While the second edition of his poems was passing through the press, Burns was favoured with many critical suggestions and amendments; to one of which only he attended. Blair, reading over with him, or hearing him recite, (which he delighted at all times in doing,) his *Holy Fair*, stopped him at the stanza—

Now a’ the congregation o’er
Is silent expectation,
For Russel speels the holy door
Wi’ tidings o’ salvation.—

Nay, said the doctor, read *damnation*. Burns improved the wit of this verse, undoubtedly, by adopting the emendation; but he gave another strange specimen of want of *tact*, when he insisted that Dr. Blair, one of the most scrupulous observers of clerical propriety, should permit him to acknowledge the obligation in a note.

‘But to pass from these trifles, it needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars, (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them, from the plough tail, at a single stride, manifested, in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most tho-

rough conviction, that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the bon mots of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay, to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent; with wit in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had, ere long, no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.’

It is unnecessary to multiply quotations from a volume which will be read by all who can make the least pretension to taste or feeling; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the following as a concluding specimen of the earnestness and sympathy of our eloquent biographer:—

‘It is possible, perhaps for some it may be easy, to imagine a character of a much higher cast than that of Burns, developed, too, under circumstances in many respects not unlike those of his history—the character of a man of lowly birth and powerful genius elevated by that philosophy which is alone pure and divine, far above all those annoyances of terrestrial spleen and passion, which mixed from the beginning with the workings of his inspiration, and in the end were able to eat deep into the great heart which they had long tormented. Such a being would have received, no question, a species of devout reverence, I mean when the grave had closed on him, to which the warmest admirers of our poet can advance no pretensions for their unfortunate favourite; but could such a being have delighted his species—could he even have instructed them like Burns? Ought we not to be thankful for every new variety of form and circumstance, in and under which the ennobling energies of true and lofty genius are found addressing themselves to the common brethren of the race? Would we have none but Miltons and Cowpers in poetry—but Brownes and Southey in prose? Alas! if it were so, to how large a portion of the species would all the gifts of all the muses remain for ever a fountain shut up and a book sealed! Were the doctrine of intellectual excommunication to be thus expounded and enforced, how small the library that would remain to kindle the fancy, to draw out and refine the feelings, to enlighten the head by expanding the heart of man! From Aristophanes to Byron, how broad the sweep, how woeful the desolation!’

‘In the absence of that vehement sympathy with humanity as it is, its sorrows and its joys as they are, we might have had a great man, perhaps a great poet, but we could have had no Burns. It is very noble to despise the accidents of fortune; but what moral homily concerning these could have equalled that which Burns’s poetry, considered alongside of Burns’s

history, and the history of his fame, presents? It is very noble to be above the allurements of pleasure; but who preaches so effectually against them as he who sets forth in immortal verse his own intense sympathy with those that yield, and in verse and in prose, in action and in passion, in life and in death, the dangers and the miseries of yielding?’

Mr. Lockhart makes frequent and judicious use of Wordsworth’s letter to Mr. Gray, on the moral and poetical character of Burns, —a letter to which we felt great pleasure in referring in the 380th number of *The Literary Chronicle*, when we quoted a passage which Mr. Lockhart now introduces, and anticipated him in the deserved praise which he bestows on the entire epistle.

Solitary Walks through Many Lands. By DERWENT CONWAY, Author of *Tales of Ardennes*, &c. &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 456. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

DERWENT CONWAY is happy in his choice of titles,—his *nom de guerre* has a peculiar charm for the ear of romance-reading maidens, with which the *Tales of the Ardennes* and *Solitary Walks through Many Lands* are in excellent keeping. He appears to be a young man of sufficiently ardent imagination, and so very romantic as to be excessively anxious not to seem so at all. We are ashamed of this species of shame, and wonder how any one can blush at giving way to the best and finest of our nature’s impulses. This, we take it, is the secret of many a sneer at writers, in the main, far less enthusiastic than himself,—this gives rise to the affectation of asserting that his Italian journeys left fainter recollections behind them than others through lands of fewer classical associations,—this made Venice, whether contemplated historically, or as a mere visual object, appear, ‘essentially prosaic,’ and occasioned the declaration, that though ‘it is a strange novel-looking place, and well worth seeing, yet, to rave in poetic raptures of its external aspect, or to wind up the mind to feelings of enthusiasm, about its ‘long line of doges’ are follies which in some writers may be attributed to weakness, and, in others to affectation.’ We never yet found it within the power of ‘weakness or affectation’ to ‘wind up the mind to enthusiasm,’ and doubt whether the enthusiasm of an Eustace, or the magnificent bursts of a Byron will be set down as ‘follies,’ Derwent Conway notwithstanding. But whilst condemning our author for discarding the assumption of a virtue which we believe him to possess, we are anxious that the feeling with which we do so should be perfectly understood. It is possible that a desire to invest his *Solitary Walks* with a somewhat novel air, may have led him into the error we have exposed; but he would do well to recollect that originality does not consist in railing against that which has been ornamented by genius or consecrated by feeling, and that the spell of classical associations is not to be destroyed by a cold sneer or a contemptuous paragraph.

‘The commonwealth of kinds, the men of Rome,
The home of all art yields, and nature can decree,’

Venice, and ‘the long file of her dead doges,’
the Bridge of Sighs,—St. Mark,

‘And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare’s
art,’

must possess a natural and indestructible influence over the hearts of all wanderers, whether 'solitary' or social, (but more especially the former,) who tread the 'hallowed, haunted ground,' let them laugh and profess the contrary as loudly as they may. *Affected* enthusiasm we abhor, but affected *non-enthusiasm* is to us equally disgusting.

Of the *Tales of the Ardennes* (reviewed in our 304th number,) we stated that they were rather descriptive than narrative; and to a large proportion of the present volumes the same remark will apply. There are, however, splendid exceptions, among which may be ranked *A Week among the Carpathian mountains*, which introduces us to the *Legend of the Carbuncle Valley*. This is the opening article, and its many curious and novel details and felicitous style of narration inspire the reader with agreeable anticipations as to the entire work. Hungary, England, the coasts of the Mediterranean, Italy, France, and Norway, successively furnish the materials of the first volume; whilst in the second we find brief accounts of the *Fall of Trolhetta in Sweden*, three chapters relating to Denmark; the first describing the Sound and the Castle of Elsinore; the second exposing the insignificance of Denmark as a kingdom, and winding up with the astounding piece of information, that 'the king sits on a throne of ivory!' and the third having reference to Copenhagen and the military band which plays in the king's gardens, in front of the palace. 'Among the airs played by the band,' says Mr. Derwent Conway, 'was *our God save the King*, during the performance of which I stood with my head uncovered,—not without a feeling of pride in knowing that I was the subject of a monarch who rules over an empire the most extensive in the world and the most powerful—whose subjects are the most enlightened, and whose own qualifications are fitting for the extent of his rule;' this is a curiously constructed sentence, but it is loyal and orthodox at all events. The concluding portion is entitled *A Pedestrian Journey through the least frequented Parts of the Netherlands*, and contains some very amusing and instructive sketches. The introductory remarks to each of the chapters are often quaint and humorous, sometimes distinguished by sensibility, pathos, and philosophical meditation, and rarely, (excepting in the instances pointed out above,) vapid, ineffective, or insincere. The style is generally correct, and may occasionally be pronounced elegant,—but it has no pretensions to richness, variety, or vigour. It is now, however, time that we should allow the book to speak for itself in a few extracts, that may fairly stand as representatives of the whole. Our first specimen is from *A September Walk*, and forms a delightful tribute to scenery as delightful—that of Monmouth:—

'There is no province in the King of England's dominions more beautiful than Monmouth; and there are few parts of Europe in which my solitary walks have led me among sweeter scenes. It is a good deal the fashion to extol foreign scenery; and I believe it is too much the custom to visit those scenes abroad which have obtained a celebrated name, before visiting the equally attractive spots in our own country. I remember to have heard a pleasant story of a Scotch laird, who, shortly after arriving at majority, set out for the Con-

tinental, and having ascended a certain mountain in the south of Italy, famous for the magnificent prospect which is enjoyed from the summit, struck with its beauty, inquired of the guide who accompanied him, if there was any thing in Europe equal to what he now beheld. "I have heard," replied the guide, "that this prospect is excelled by only one;" "and where is that one?" eagerly demanded the traveller; "in the kingdom of Scotland," said the guide. "Indeed," said the view-hunter, "in what part of Scotland?" "from the top of a hill named Damyet," answered the guide. "Good God," said the traveller, "it is on my own estate! and I have never been there." For the truth of this story I will not vouch; but it is at all events a good illustration of a prevailing folly.

'It is a fact, that will be disputed by no one who has had any opportunity of exercising his judgment, that foreign scenery is, generally speaking, far inferior to that of England: it is true that there are spots, and even limited districts in many of the countries abroad, where there is a concentration of higher beauties than are to be found in any equal space in England, the climate alone of more southern latitudes mellowing the appearance of the external world, and creating a harmony among the several elements, is sufficient to turn the scale; but I will venture to affirm that in England alone, of all the European countries, is it possible to travel 200 miles in almost a direct line, through scenes of rich and varied beauty.

'The county of Monmouth contains within itself every ingredient of natural beauty, and every species of adventitious ornament and interest; swelling hills, rugged precipices, ancient woods, rivers, streams, and torrents—princely domains, romantic towns, crumbling and ivied ruins. I have at various times walked through the lovely scenery of this county, and always with delight; but I cannot quite coincide in the common opinion, which identifies the beauty of Monmouthshire, with the river Wye; for the river Wye is not a river to my taste; its serpentine course lies indeed through a country superlatively beautiful; but the river itself has little to recommend it for the greater part of that course. To be beautiful, a river must be pure, it must have a sensible flow, and must either fill its channel, or show, where it leaves the channel bare, a clean pebbly bottom. But a river affected by the tide in any considerably degree, cannot possess these characters of beauty: it cannot be pure, because even at low water the stream is tainted by the slime which is deposited by the tide; whenever it is brimful, it has no current except a retrograding one; and during at least three parts of the twenty-four hours, it does not sweep green banks and drooping shrubs, as a river must do to be beautiful; but is a dwarfish rill, occupying a deep channel, with filthy muddy banks, rising on each side. The Wye is, therefore, no favourite of mine.'

'My walks through Monmouthshire were confined within the month of September; and there is certainly no other month in the year so well suited for pedestrian rambles; to me it is indeed the most attractive of all the months; it has neither the sultriness of July and August nor the chill of October. The morning, the noon, the evening of a fine September day have each of them their separate charms; and whether your walk be through the fields or in the orchard, or in the garden, beauty and prodigality are around you. Here you have the golden waving corn; there, the gathered harvest; and on all sides, the woods and the copses still in their leafy beauty, and just touched with the first streak of autumn's pencil. If your walk be early, you see the

skylark circling in the sunny beams of the morning; mounting up and up, and chanting all the while his merry roundelay; and you see the gossamer curtaining every hedge, and the dew-drop clinging to every blade. If you go out at noon, the white, the speckled, and the saffron-winged butterflies flit by, and the dragon-fly glances gold and silver in the noon-beam; bees are hanging on every clover-head, and feasting on the yet lingering sweets of the honeysuckle. There is then usually a light air abroad gently ruffling the corn fields, which rise and fall like the soft heavings of a peaceful bosom. But it is in the evening, when the charm of September is felt the deepest. Go out before sunset; watch the day die upon the hill-tops; go into the wood, and pause; perhaps the parting note of the woodlark breaks upon the stillness, or perhaps there is nothing to disturb the silence save the tinkling of little brooks that cannot be heard by day. And now the landscape grows dim; and the moon, the harvest-moon, dipping among the white curdled clouds, comes forth. Gentle beauty! solitary traveller! wanderer through the fields of heaven! no wonder poets hymn thee, and lovers gaze upon thee. But September is not a month for poetry and contemplation only; it abounds in palpable things; the garden and the orchard bend under the clustering fruit; the woods are full of filberts, and the trailing shrubs are heavy with wild berries. In short, September is the month when we not only discover nature to be beautiful, but her Author to be bountiful.'

Our readers were recently presented with a spirited account of a French execution*, by one of the most talented contributors of *The Literary Chronicle*, and the following picture (painted with kindred ability) may be taken as a companion-piece:—

'*Executions in the Place de Grève—The Guillotine.*—I had stopped nearly opposite to the gate St Denis, at the door of a small *boutiquier*, for the purpose of buying some cake (the taste of which always brings a host of associations along with it;) intending to munch it at my leisure, as I walked towards Fontainebleau, when I observed an unusual press of people hurrying down the Rue St. Martin. The occasion of this was worth inquiring into, and I found that every one was hastening to the Place de Grèves, where three persons were that day to undergo the sentence of the law, on account of being implicated in the treasonable plot of some general, whose name has escaped me.

'I immediately resolved to witness this spectacle, partly from a wish to see how they conduct these things in France, partly through curiosity to see the guillotine, and partly from a desire to know whether any popular feeling would be manifested upon the occasion.

'As I walked towards the Place de Grèves, I found every thing in motion; and military marching from every direction towards the spot. From the prison, which stands at the end of the Pont de Jena, the whole way along the quay to the Place de Grèves, there were two lines of military, one of infantry and one of cavalry; and round the square were three rows, two of infantry and one of cavalry, besides artillery at each corner. I afterwards learned that not fewer than 40,000 men were under arms upon this occasion. For five francs I procured a place at a window, from which the guillotine was distant not more than twenty yards. Never was the lightness of the French character more visibly displayed than upon this occasion. No one could have guessed from the deportment of the crowd the cause upon which it was assembled; it might have

* See Doran's Sketches, &c. just published.

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been for the celebration of a *fête*; and, if the engine of death had not stood upon the scaffold, one would have said it had been erected for a display of fireworks, or for the performances of a juggler. The multitude was eager to catch at any little cause of merriment; and, in place of silence—the most expressive of sorrow's tributes—shouting, and laughter, and jocularity, resounded from every quarter. And was this the people that tore down the Bastille, and overthrew a dynasty, and stunned the ear of Europe in the blow that struck the neck of their monarch? Strange, that in the very sight of the revolutionary lamp, to which hundreds had been suspended, and waiting to behold a sort of retributive judgment upon their forefathers—perhaps upon some of themselves—they should look upon it as a spectacle, and conduct themselves as if they were assembled for pastime!

‘Two o’clock struck—and there was a momentary silence; but the multitude speedily relapsed into its former indifference. Half-past two—three came—and there was yet no indication of the criminal’s approach. Half-after-three chimed—and, amongst the tender-hearted a hope began to spring up that mercy had disarmed justice; but as four was striking, the heavy bell of Notre Dame dispelled the illusion; merriment was in an instant hushed, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the prison. In a few minutes the arrival of a body of horse-guards announced the approach of the cavalcade, and a moment after, the three condemned prisoners walked steadily forward, paused at the foot of the scaffold, and looking up, attentively eyed the guillotine. The first walked deliberately up the steps, and prostrated himself upon the block; and the next moment he was lifeless. The second, in turn, ascended with even greater alacrity, and met death with equal fortitude. There now remained but one; he had stood seemingly with the most perfect indifference, and twice had seen, without flinching, the fatal engine perform its work of death upon his companions, and he met his own fate with equal intrepidity. I could not help suspecting that the love of effect, that predominating passion of Frenchmen, influenced the conduct of these young men in this closing scene; and that the indifferent look, the measured step, the unaided alacrity with which they hastened to death, were less the result of collected courage or calm resignation, than of a desire to produce a sensation; and that they even looked upon this final scene something in the light of a spectacle, in which they were no farther interested than as performing a part.

‘I had almost forgotten to say that there was no murmur among the people, nor any unusual expression of sorrow; though as I scanned the faces of the multitude, I thought I observed some that might have belonged to revolutionary times. In a few minutes all was forgotten, and while the scaffold was yet wet with the warm blood of youth, the laugh and the jest were as loud as ever.’

Our concluding quotation is from the *Sketches of the Netherlands*, of which we have already made favourable mention:—

‘I now,’ says our author, ‘determined upon paying my promised visit to the chateau of Monsieur le Baron de Jamblinne. It lies upon the river Ourte, near La Roche, about twenty-five miles from St. Hubert. I felt somewhat anxious to know a little of the domestic economy of noble establishments in this remote quarter; and I, therefore, set out upon my visit with alacrity. I chose the time of a gentle frost, when there was no snow upon the ground, and left St. Hubert about nine in the morning.

‘I have already spoken of the extreme difficulty of finding one’s road in this country. Roads branch off so multifariously, both over

the heath and through the forest, and at such acute angles,—although terminating ultimately at very different points,—that it is entirely a matter of accident whether one goes right or wrong; so often did I err in this day’s walk, that in place of getting to my journey’s end in seven hours from the time of setting off, it was half-past two before I had passed through the forest, and ten unmeasured miles still lay between me and my journey’s end.

‘The forest had wonderfully changed its aspect since I passed through it in coming from Luxembourg. At every step, the feet pressed a cushion of fallen leaves; and as I shook the branches in passing, few fell from their stems. I have often felt it to be a very solemn sound—though a very minute one, the noise of a withered leaf dropping among its companions in the forest’s stillness. It is the “small still voice” of decay, and speaks a solemn language to the soul of him, whose feelings are in unison with the sad and the desolate.

‘After getting clear of the forest, I passed many romantic places, and for some time had no difficulty in finding my road, there being but one; and I congratulated myself upon this the more, that it was beginning to be extremely foggy, so much so that I could form no accurate idea of the direction in which my destination lay. However, after sunset, when the mist had much thickened, and when I was upon an open heath, the road branched into two,—and at so very acute an angle, that it was quite impossible for me to give the slightest preference to one path over the other; I confess I did not much like the idea of choosing the wrong one,—for I calculated that I could not be more than three miles from my destination; and the prospect of a comfortable house, a warm welcome, a blazing fire, and a smoking supper, had attractions considerably superior to a walk in a cold misty night, over a wide heath. I had no alternative, however, but to choose at hazard; and I did so. After walking for nearly an hour, and when it had become almost dark, I suddenly entered a village; the fog had been so dense, that I was unable to tell whether the road lay over a heath or not, and I did not perceive a house, until I was encompassed by houses. I inquired of a blacksmith, the glare of whose forge was easily seen through the mist, what was the name of the village? and I heard, with no small pleasure, that I had arrived at my destination; it was the village belonging to La Seigneurie de Jamblinne, and he conducted me to the front of a large, tall, dark-coloured house, surrounded with a high wall, which, I was informed, was the chateau of Monsieur le Baron.

‘The arrival of a stranger in these parts is somewhat unusual,—so that the servant, who opened the gate to me, seemed not a little astonished to find one whom he had never seen before craving admittance. I inquired for the baron; and was told he had been absent since yesterday morning upon a hunting party, and was not expected home until the following day. I then inquired if Madame la Baronne was at home; and being answered in the affirmative, I followed the domestic into a large hall, while he went to inform his lady that a stranger was within her gates. A lady (not la baronne) made her appearance,—a sort of *bonne*, who came of course to ascertain who he might be, that, in the depth of winter, and in the dusk of the evening, arrived on foot at the chateau of the Baron Jamblinne. I told her my name, and that I had come from St. Hubert, where I had met the baron about a month ago, and that he had invited me to visit him at his chateau. Upon this information, she desired me to take the trouble to follow her,—and I was ushered into a small room up stairs, and requested to wait a moment, until she had ap-

prised the baroness of my arrival. The next moment the baroness made her appearance, all smiles and courtesy,—told me she had expected me for some time past; that the baron would return the next day; and hoped, that until then I would consider myself at home. She then led the way to a large handsome room, well furnished and well lighted, and where there was a charming fire. A young man, in priest’s habiliments, was seated at coffee; Monsieur L’Abbé—I forget what.

‘In this country, every person of distinction keeps a priest in the house, who manages every thing as in the olden time:—confesses,—shrives,—prays,—advises,—directs,—and who is, at once, house and land steward—overseer of all things, both of time and of eternity,—and unites in himself, all authority and all possible humility. He lives well and sleeps soft; has his own apartments; dines with the family,—unless when he does penance upon fish and game in his sanctuary; walks out or rides out, and has no severer duty to perform, than saying the daily prayers prescribed by his order, confessing the lady of the mansion, and giving wholesome advice, both with regard to this world and the next. I found in this abbé the perfect ultraism of intolerance,—such a man as I did not imagine existed now-a-days. Apart from theology, however, he was a man with whom one might pass an hour agreeably enough. He was most anxious to be informed of any thing that was new, or of which he had never heard before; and was particularly attracted by the doctrines of phrenology, which had not then reached Les Ardennes. He insisted upon my drawing out a map of the head, and marking the organs with their numbers and references. Madame la Baronne offered an inspection of her head; and was particularly delighted with the compliments which the inspection gave me an opportunity of paying her. All foreigners are unusually pleased with compliments from the English, because the English are supposed to be more niggardly of them than other nations are. The evening passed away pleasantly enough,—coffee, talk, and a hot supper, brought it to nine; and a sound sleep brought it to nine next morning.

‘After breakfast, the baron made his appearance, returning with a fine doe and half of a wild boar; and giving me a most cordial welcome. It was, of course, necessary to make the tour of his estate with him; to inspect his garden, his terrace, his fields, his woods, his stables, his dog-kennel, his pig-stye, and to go through all the rooms of his chateau; every thing was good in its way. The garden as good as the climate would admit of; the chateau not badly furnished; and the whole paraphernalia of hunting, as perfect as the gunsmiths and saddlers of the Netherlands are capable of manufacturing.

‘The Baron de Jamblinne is a rich baron for Ardennes. He possesses about £1200 per annum; and he told me he spent it every shilling;—meat and vegetables cost almost nothing, said he; but I have horses to buy, and dogs to buy, and guns to buy; and the abbé’s salary to pay, and servants to pay, and taxes to pay; so that I have nothing over. He certainly lived in good style,—judging by his table, at least; which was not, however, the best criterion,—both because by his own admission it cost little, and because it might possibly be improved by the presence of a stranger. We had fish, patés,—and very nice patés they were,—venison, wild-boar, chickens, wild-ducks, pudding, and pastry. We had Champagne, Burgundy, (Voluay,) Bourdeaux, St. Peray,—so that a better dinner could not easily have been furnished forth any where.

‘I believe I might have lived with the baron all my days, and even partly superseded Mon-

sieu L'Abbé, in his administration over earthly things at least. I need not say, that my visit soon began to fatigue me, and that I became anxious to exchange society for solitude.

'I have rarely found a man with whom I could spend much time with satisfaction. By far the greater number of minds are speedily got to the bottom of; some sooner and some later, but almost all, after a certain period. One can predict to a certainty what will be the views, sentiments, and decisions of most minds upon every occasion. The reason is, that there are few original minds.

'The baron kissed both my cheeks at parting; so did the abbé; this was very disgusting, but what could I do. The baroness offered me her's; so did Madame la Bonne. Louis held out his hand for money; so did Joseph, and so did Josephine; but vails in Ardennes encroach but little upon one's system of economy. I recollect passing a few days, upon one occasion, at a gentleman's house in Wales. The morning of my departure, the head servant demanded his vails with much more assurance than any waiter at an inn would have done. There came the boy, then the house-maid, then the groom,—and when I imagined I had fairly got rid of them at the expenditure of about a guinea, a servant actually presented me with a bill for washing, amounting to some shillings!

'There is a story comes into my head; an old story it is, and well known too,—but it is an excellent story nevertheless. I must have read it somewhere; and so, perhaps, may many of my readers. I neither recollect the place nor the persons, but it is of no consequence. Two gentlemen, after paying a visit to the house of a great man, found the servants ranged along the passage as they retired, expecting to receive their vails. One of the gentlemen was a few yards behind the other, and he who walked last, noticed that the servants seemed infinitely more pleased by the donations of him who went first, than by his own; and he marvelled not a little, as he thought he had been particularly liberal. When they were both seated in their carriage, "how much," said he to his friend, "did you give to each of these ruffians, for they all seemed better satisfied with your gift than with mine?" "I only tickled the palms of their hands," replied he.

In conclusion, we recommend the Solitary Walks through many Lands as a series of light and agreeable sketches, some of which are instructive, and all more or less entertaining.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, and the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. No. I. W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; W. Curry, Jun., &c., Dublin; and T. Cadell, London.

A work of great and general utility, and which appears likely to be conducted with ability commensurate with its importance. There are thirteen papers, (independently of several valuable tables, miscellaneous notices, &c.) on various interesting agricultural matters. Amongst these an agricultural view of the vegetable economy, illustrated by figures, representing the nature, organization, and germination of seed, holds the first place. The structure of a grain of wheat is very minutely and curiously described; the dissection is scientific and complete; but, with the assistance of the figures, it may be comprehended without the slightest difficulty. An Essay on the classification of soils, by David Low, Esq., of Laws, and a Letter from Adam Fergusson, Esq., of Woodhill, containing some practical hints upon live stock, in particular as regards crossing, will, we think, be

of considerable service to agricultural science. Mr. Watson on Bone Manure, Mr. Stephens on the Causes of Destruction to Crops, and Mr. Sinclair's Remarks on Agricultural Seeds all merit the same praise. The communication of the Rev. H. Townshend on the agricultural affairs of Ireland is written with ability and good feeling, and contains many excellent hints for both the landlords and the peasantry of that unfortunate country. He unites with the other contributors in anticipating much advantage to agriculture from the establishment of a quarterly journal entirely devoted to the interests of that science; an opinion with which the striking combination of zeal and talent exhibited in the first number induces us cordially to agree.

Principles and Practice contrasted; or, a Peep into 'the only true Church of God upon Earth,' commonly called Freethinking Christians. By H. HETHERINGTON. 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1828. R. Hunter.

Most of our readers must have heard of Mr. Samuel Thompson, the orator and spirit-dealer, the oracle of vestries, the exposé of abuses, and the denouncer of oppression; but few, we believe, are aware that he is a dealer in other *spiritual* wares than those which he so zealously advertises, and by the sale of which he has been enabled to sport a carriage, and to open a dashing establishment in Bond Street. We must, therefore, inform them, that he is known amongst his friends and disciples as the reviver of 'the only true church of God upon earth,' the concerns of which, as this spirited pamphlet clearly proves, he is resolved to manage with so much of the self-will of the despot, as to shock every honest and liberal-minded man, whom artful cant, and seductive professions of attachment to the cause of human liberty and improvement, of truth and reason, may have induced to enrol himself in the society of what are called 'Freethinking Christians.' One of the dreams of this, *par excellence*, INTELLECTUAL sect, is, that 'they are all to be spiritual kings and judges in a future state;' and to do them justice, Mr. Thompson and his elected *leaders* seem laudably anxious to qualify themselves for the exercise of their anticipated authority. A more complete abandonment of right, a more unblushing infliction of wrong, than is here detailed by Mr. Hetherington, has been rarely laid before the public. The simple exercise of the right of private judgment, the honest expression of very inoffensive opinion, seem sufficient to warrant this 'only true church' in the indulgence of the grossest misrepresentation, the most groundless slander. Our regret on the perusal of this narrative, is heightened by the circumstance, that there are men under the immediate direction of Mr. Thompson, of whom we have been accustomed to think with some respect—men of considerable talents, and not unfavourably known to the public; and yet these very individuals seem to glory in their mental bondage, and to consider it as a species of gratifying distinction. One of them is the author of a clever work on America, and another has produced a tragedy, which was performed at Covent Garden, and was proceeding with tolerable success, till Miss O'Neil fell out of love with her character, and *shelved* the play. Principles and Practice contrasted will be

read with interest by all who like to see injustice exposed, and the mask torn from the brow of imposition.

Emigration Practically Considered, in a Letter to the Right Honourable R. Wilnot Horton, M. P. By H. C. BUCHANAN, Esq. 12mo. pp. 148. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS is the production of a gentleman who is well acquainted with the subject he discusses, and who adds to his knowledge much of humane and honourable zeal. He is justified in pressing the information contained in this Letter on all who are interested in the welfare of that class of suffering individuals whose necessities render them fit objects for emigration—and to such we recommend it for early and careful perusal.

ORIGINAL.

THE ANTHOLOGIST—No. IV.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

FROM THE GREEK OF LUCIAN.

DIOGENES AND HERCULES.

SCENE—The Infernal Regions.

D. Is this then Hercules? It is none else. The bow, the quiver, and the massive club, The lion's skin that folds thy giant form, All tell me thou art he—yet prithee say How came the son of mighty Jove to die? I fain would know if thou art *really* dead; When I was living i' the upper world, I worshipped thee, as though thou wert a god. H. Thou didst do well, for Hercules himself In heaven dwells with the immortal powers, Blest with the charms of Hebe, ever young; I who do speak to thee am but his shade.

D. What's that thou say'st—the shadow of a god?

Why what a curious compound must thou be, Half shadow and half deity,— And yet 'tis strange that Hercules should die.

H. He is not dead—but I who wear his semblance.

D. Oh, I understand; thou hadst the kindness then

To be his friend, and die instead of him.

H. Now thou art right.

D. How didst thou manage this deceit of thine?

The judges here have not the dullest wits; I think they would have found thee out, my friend.

H. No, the resemblance was too great for that.

D. True, I ne'er saw two persons more alike. Take heed that thou hast not reversed the matter.

Thou mayst be Hercules, the god born hero, While Hercules, the shadow, sits in heaven, And claims the beauteous Hebe for his bride.

H. Rash babbler, an' thou dost not forbear These vile and scurvy jests of thine, I'll show thee

How far I am the image of a god,—

This bow is ready.

D. Ah, ah, what should I fear, most valiant one, from thee?

Thou art a shadow like myself, but say, By thine own Hercules, I conjure thee say, When he was living didst thou live with him, Or wert thou then no other than his image; Or one when living, and a pair when dead, And one to heaven went, and one to hell.

H. 'Twere better, sophist, not to answer thee, Yet list—so much of life as I to mortal owed Was doomed to death; that part, thou seest, I am;

So much as I'm indebted for to Jove Can never die, but lives amongst the gods.

D. Now
Thy mother
And thou
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D. Now I do understand thee.
Thy mother did bring forth two Hercules,
And thou didst have a pair to father thee—
The one Amphitryon, and the other Jove,
Then must you be great Hercules' twin brother
H. Not so, thou fool, for we were both the same.

D. How that could be I cannot comprehend:
A demi-mortal and a demi-god.

H. Have not all men this difference in themselves—

The mortal body and the deathless soul.
'Tis thus that I am roving 'mongst the shades,
While Hercules resides in high Olympus.

D. Most apt and elegant, wouldst thou descant,

Son of Amphitryon, hadst thou but a body,
But being as thou art, an empty shade,
I fear that thou hast made a triple Hercules.

H. How, triple?

D. How—one Hercules is gone, thou sayst, to heaven,

And thou, his image, dost dwell here with us,
And Æta's mount doth have his body's dust,
So there are three—I wish you to inform me
Who is the father of the whole of you?

H. Insulting sophist, what may I call thee?

D. The image of Diogenes, an' thou like—
And for mine own self, why I do dwell in—
No—not in heaven, with the immortal gods,
Sipping the purple nectar with my bride—
But here in Hades do I jest with heroes,
And laugh at Homer and his splendid lies.

R. M.

THE DISSECTING ROOM.

THERE was a hum of voices in that hall,
'Mid the deep silence of the breathless dead;
And some were tending with the palid cheek,
And the lean fallow look of sickness—
And others, in the rosy hues of youth,
Tainting their fresh blood with th' infectious breath

Of fester'd rottenness—and up they stood,
'Mongst foul diseases and fresh ulcer'd sores,
And the green sickness of the cancer.

And those who fell by violent stroke, ere life
Had ebb'd out its smooth current, lay around—
The murderer and the suicide—and some were seen

Untouch'd, and others with their stiffen'd joints
Forced out and nerveless, and the bare trunks lay

Scatter'd like pale heaps in a pestilence.

But there was one, 'midst those unhallow'd forms,

Cast in a fashion of no common mould,
A young girl—ye might number on her brow
Some twenty summers, but untimely ripp'd
From out the fresh tomb, in her first day's sleep,
She lay 'mongst mould'ring bodies, as the moon
Sleeps amid thunder-clouds.

Then 'twas the coarse and vulgar jest flew round

As that cold maiden lay—eager and quick,
O'er her devoted head, the cruel laugh
Echoed its heartless insult, as the crowd
Gaz'd on her friendless form; but there was one
Of gentler cast, 'mid that rude throng, for he
Had seen his brother stretch'd upon that board,
And he was silent, and he stood apart,
Working his rank task sullenly.—

Peace! there's a voice of woe within that hall,

And a quick step is hurrying about,
And an old man looks searchingly around,
For some-thing he has lost
Fix'd and unmov'd, on all the sleepless there,
Each curtain'd and unshrouded dead, with glance

Of hurried vision, one and all,—when, hark!
Right through the startled air a withering cry,
Wound up in all the agony of grief,

Echo'd the name of daughter! oh, such a cry—
It might have wrung the very dead from out
Their last and longest slumber—he had seen
Something that o'er the prison'd senses came,
Like to a withering blight, when the cold wind
Blows, in its palsied breath, o'er herb and flower,

A pale disastrous fever. Even so
That fathersicken'd, while the large damp drops
Stood on his marble brow, like icicles.

He did not speak, nor syllable one sound

Of his land's language:—

But there was something in that last long cry
That made the quick blood halt within the veins,

And the hand quit its grasp—the agony
That wrung that old man's brow, when his young child

Had left him desolate, and the scalding mark

Of hot tears, furrow'd down an aged cheek,

Had left its pressure, and the quiv'ring lip,

And the wild fixing of his vacant stare,

Told more than all the plaint of utterance. a

RUSTIC SKETCHES.—No. III.

THE WOODMAN.

CONTENTED and smiling as are in general the inhabitants of my native village, there are, nevertheless, times when a cloud will darken their rosy faces, and then all does not 'go merry as a marriage bell;' besides, they have for some unpleasant occurrences, unfortunately, most retentive memories, and among the bitterest of their grievances do they class the enclosure of the waste and common land. Even the young, who have never ranged along the green and shady lanes, or joined in the race over the smooth sward of the once extensive common, are taught to lament the deed which circumscribed their parent's privileges, whilst the matrons of the parish still warmly and vociferously deplore the loss of their Michaelmas geese, once with yellow bills stabbing the soft meadow turf, or, with outstretched snowy wings, winding with hasty flight and joyous but discordant scream, to the river side. 'Tis in vain to tell these buxom cottagers of the harvest home, and the loaded lap full of yellow grain, which they reap through the cultivation of the coveted waste ground; they are all most dogmatical in their opinions, that the privileges lost were superior to those they have gained. However, the propensity to complain must not be entirely charged to the female part of the parish, for against the innovations made of necessity, by the so designated improvements, old Ned, the white-headed woodman, takes the lead. Whoever touches on the theme of general grievance, is sure to hear a hearty amen echoed from his lips; leaning on his oaken cudgel, heedless of a footstep near, he is often heard lamenting some favourite tree, and sighing as if to indicate 'My occupation's gone;' at such times to attempt a strain of consolation is perfectly in vain. 'Complain,' he says, he must, and will, when he stands gazing over a wide sweep of ground, with here and there a low fence, scarce worthy of the name, and where the young thorn will be years before it gains the thick and noble growth of the hedges laid low, through the general change effected in the lands by the enclosures. 'Ah! dear, dear!' goes on the old man, 'where are my beautiful towering trees and bushes, up which I used to climb when a boy, and which I used to prune and keep in decent order when I grew a man, ever taking

care to leave a good shelter for the violets, primroses, and all the other tender spring flowers that came peering forth at their roots? and where's the beautiful wild cranberry with its yellow flowers, and the sweet smelling blossoms of the crab-apple tree, dropping their pretty leaves across the lane, the green sward of which is now all torn away and destroyed by the farmer's harrows?' Then casting his eyes up, his thoughts and speech revert again to the trees and bushes, and he goes on with—'not a branch left to shade the sun in summer, or the gales in autumn; no promise of the brown clustering wood-nuts in October, or even of blackberries in August; no, no, the little rosy urchins will never come round old Ned again, holding out their pin-afores to catch the brown clusters, nor will they ask again for the ripe purple fruit, to dye their red lips withall. Ah! they're all gone,' continues he, deeply sighing, and letting his thick cudgel fall heavily through his palsied fingers; 'all, all gone!'

The worst part of his story, however, is generally believed to be the demolition of the hut, in which he had lived during forty years; with the last maple tree, growing at the end of Strawberry Lane, down came poor Ned's abode; which, by the by, looked more like some *lusus nature* of a tree, than a human residence, it having been perfectly covered with moss and ivy, with here and there a pink and purple flower in summer, amidst which the curling white bine, spread luxuriantly over all, making its way even to the elevation called a chimney, and but for this elevation, and the smoke occasionally issuing therefrom, no one would have deemed what they there beheld, was the habitation of a human being. The destruction of this hut, however, preyed much on its owner's mind, and although a more tenable abode was provided for him, he never liked it like his moss-covered cabin; and when the neighbours have congratulated him on his new dwelling, saying, 'Why, Ned, how smart you are in your new red brick house,' he has turned away with an angry 'Pshaw, I want none o' their new fangled gewgaws; if my old hut had but one room, it had a good wide chimney corner in it, where the green faggot had room to lie, and the oak's roots, with all the stubborn fibres, room to sprawl; then, with my jug o' beer, and so forth, I felt something like comfort at the day's end, and loved to see how the stubborn roots and tough twigs were forced to yield at last, and come to nought; one minute spitting out the yellow sap, another blazing bright; the next looking fiery red, and in less than five minutes after turning into pale ashes, and dropping off, one by one, to dust. Why, split me, if I could not draw from the sight as good a lesson of my own mortality, as I ever heard delivered from any pulpit I have sat under; but such times are now gone by, and never shall I be the contented fellow I once was any more.' This last assertion often raises a smile, for poor Ned never had the character of a contented mortal yet, and even in his lamented by-gone happy days, strangers would invariably ask if he were grumbling or singing? The latter having some such a near alliance to the former. Many have offered to provide for the old man, but he constantly refuses to move from his native haunts; 'No,' he says, 'though most of the trees are cut down that shaded me when a

boy, I'll never flinch from the spot where they once grew; and where I could once get a safe shelter from the shower, where, if I had a crownless hat on my head, I felt little the worse for it; they may talk o' their rich yellow corn fields, and the pleasant sight o' plenty, and love the sound o' the wheat ears dashing one against t'other; as for me, I shall never love any sight so well as a good sweep o' green sward, with here and there a shady lane, and plenty of oak, ashen, and alder trees; and no sound will ever be so welcome to Ned as the rustling o' their green boughs.'

E. B.

SONGS. BY MRS H.

To the sea, to the sea, my gallant bark,
And over the ocean wide
Take thou a free and a bounding course,
Thou hast full cause for pride!
Thou barest a lady fair and young,
And many bold forms and true,
Who look on with proud and eager eyes,
As thou sail'st o'er the waters blue.
Fear thee not, fear thee not, sweet Isabel,
For there is no danger nigh;
Soon shalt thou look on our home with joy,
Though the surge be rising high.
Didst thou deem that I could tamely bear
Another should claim thy hand,
Nor come with my men, all bold and brave,
To bear thee from the land?
Let us on, let us on, my fair young bride,
Though the sun's last ray be shed;
Is it not sweet to gaze on the stars
As they sparkle over head?
And though our fate (as the moon above)
Has been often clouded o'er.
O it will but make our bliss more dear,
When we reach yon happy shore.

COME o'er the border, dearest,
Nor sigh to leave thine home
With one whose love's unchanging,
In Scotia's land to roam.
Though in the bonnie Highlands
There be no treasures rare;
Yet many gallant spirits
Await thy presence there.
They say my home is barren,
Yet barren though it be;
Where'er may be thy dwelling,
Is paradise to me.
And when thy young heart trembles
With however vain alarms,
Thy shelt'ring place, my dearest,
Shall be within these arms!

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE size of the house, the terms of its license, with other local advantages, have ever rendered 'the little theatre' a favourite with the public, who could here enjoy within natural limits the thrilling pleasures attendant upon English melody, and could have the gratification of seeing and hearing many of our best comedies, and other legitimate dramatic entertainments. Since the house was rebuilt, however, the uncouth construction of the side-boxes has been the subject of general animadversion, and it must have occasioned real mortification to the proprietors, after the immense expense they had been at, that the pleasantest theatre in the metropolis should from this one defect prove at once disagreeable and annoying to its most opulent class of visitors. The only chance of obtaining a view of the stage from the side-boxes has been to obtain a first seat, in default of which persons have found themselves

compelled to press unpleasantly upon those in front of them, or to stand upon the seats during the whole of the performance. The frequenters of the boxes consequently flocked to the front of the house, and hence resulted other disagreeables. The box-keepers, well aware of the advantages the centre boxes possessed over the others, made them a source of personal profit, and frequently refused seats to visitors, although many remained unoccupied. These bad accommodations and worse arrangements produced disgraceful consequences; the company might be seen scampering over the partitions from one box to another, rather than submit to a bad situation, or to the cupidity or affronts to which they were subjected.

We have much pleasure in announcing, that during the present recess the interior of the house has been pulled down, and little doubt can be entertained but that the new accommodations will be complete, and that the boxes will henceforward become what they always should have been, ornamental, commodious, and productive. The theatre is to open, for the present season, in the course of the ensuing month. New arrangements in various departments of the drama are making, and we learn that Miss Bartolozzi, the sister of Madame Vestris, has, within these few days, concluded an engagement with the managers. It is customary with the newspapers to announce similar events with great pomposity; but we do not admire the practice—it leads to premature judgments, is often injurious to the candidate for fame, and frequently ends in disappointment. Miss Bartolozzi, we understand, is an elegant, beautiful, and accomplished lady, possessing great vocal talents—these are important requisites, but there are others equally essential, which must be combined and developed before any performer can lay just claims to lead among our stars. Mr. Power has also engaged himself, as well as various other public favourites, whom we shall notice in due order.

Madame Vestris, we understand, is not re-engaged, having considered a very liberal offer insufficient for her services.

THE FAITHLESS PRAYER.

ST. OMERS' convent walls were glittering bright,
When Luna's beams illumed both tree and bower;
St. Omers' chapel gleamed with other light,
Where knelt the victim of parental power.
Had not the blue veins o'er her marble brow
Somewhat of life's warm current been revealing,
I could have argued from such breathless woe,
'Twas but a statue at the altar kneeling.
I saw thee last in summer's cloudless noon,
Fair saint, the sunshine gilding thy bright tresses;
Thy sigh then soft as when the rose in June
Expands its pink leaves to the gale's caresses.
Canst thou be won by the deep thrilling sound
Of solemn music, vestals round thee praying,
To think that on such consecrated ground
None but the virtuous and the blest are straying?
Oh, no! the tears just struggling into birth,
To lave those cheeks so pale with secret grieving,
Seem to confess there is some spot on earth,
Thou art for this abode reluctant leaving.

Each bliss was thine which decks life's opening scene,

And joy to joy was in thy heart awaking;
Nor could the transient sorrows of nineteen
Ere tempt thee thus to be the world forsaking.
E'en at this hour and in this lone retreat,
Fondly thou thinkest on thy warrior-brother,
Him for whose fame thy youthful heart must beat,
Linked as ye were from childhood to each other.

From him thought wanders to the favoured youth

So often met within the moon-tinged grotto,
When in those hours held dear to love and truth,
Ye vowed unchanging faith should be your motto.

And couldst thou, cruel father, doom to woe
Her, so oft likened to her sainted mother;
Gaze on her eyes, yet cause the tear to flow,
For hopes the cloister's gloom must henceforth smother?

Thy noble son, for whose augmented lands
Thou'st doomed her peerless brow to wear the willow,

Would scorn the highest honours wealth commands,
Before one tear should stain her midnight pillow.

Stern priest, though low she bends at yonder shrine,

Her heart denies the laws thy creed advances,
Love's latest gifts are still more dear than thine,
Thy cross and rosary ne'er shall claim such glances.

Then let that veil with all its gloomy folds
Fall over dark remorse, or pale contrition;
But not o'er one whose heart in secret holds
Loves which should ne'er be blighted by ambition.

E. B.

FINE ARTS.

A Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from Oxford to its Mouth: illustrated by Twenty-four highly finished and coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from Original Drawings, made on the Spot, by WILLIAM WESTALL, A.R.A. with Illustrations, Historical and Descriptive. Elephant 4to. London, 1828. Ackermann.

THIS is intended to form a companion-work to the Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Ganges, for which the public are indebted to the spirited exertions of Mr. Ackermann; and it will not, if we may judge by the first number, be unworthy of its admired predecessors. Mr. Ackermann indeed pledges himself that it shall be equal, if not superior to them in merit, and he is one of the few publishers who 'keep the word of promise to the ear' without 'breaking it to the hope.' We may rest satisfied, therefore, that though Father Thames is last attended to, he will not be treated with less justice than his rivals.

The first view in the present number is of Windsor Castle from Eton; it is beautifully drawn, and the engraver (Mr. R. G. Reeve) has rendered no inadequate justice to the efforts of Mr. W. Westall.

Plate the second gives us a pleasing view of Oxford's 'distant spires' and the adjacent scenery, but is not, we think, so charmingly executed as the third, in which we have Richmond with its majestic park, wood-imbedded mansions, and sparkling boat-covered stream, all delineated with the utmost skill and accuracy.

Pope's the graver ditably en uninteresti it is necess fied. The coloured illustration genuine fe siderable t

WAT

CRISTALLI ject of wh the Midsu ly coloured of oil. O elf-like ap attendants and-blood utmost str duce one t dew and rear mice as soon th to war v very classi infinitely l lian Vinta is now de hand of a 84 and and 'St. P of the Ti pictures t duce the f sun, and l brilliancy 'M

'Not as i But one is almost 94. 'A who saile Voyage,' studies fro serve ver remarkab of old m ately unde figure, an resolute, a not omit not confi of Grapes natural. 97. 'T Balbi Pal tremely fi of this sin House, at 174. ' side,' P. of Dewin 'To gil Or thr This is a has reaso 112. ' 'Red D work. T wonderfu to great a rich scen 135. ' ner. M

Pope's Villa at Twickenham, (in which the graver of Mr. C. Bentley has been creditably employed,) will not be considered an uninteresting portion of this number, though it is necessarily the least striking and diversified. The whole of the views are very neatly coloured. The 'historical and descriptive illustrations' are ably written, indicating a genuine feeling for the picturesque, and considerable taste and research.

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

(Continued from page 270.)

CRISTALL exhibits a large drawing, the subject of which is 'Titania and her Train,' from the Midsummer Night's Dream. It is warmly coloured, and has very much of the effect of oil. Our only objection is to the very un-elf-like appearance of the fairy queen and her attendants: they are all good, plump, flesh-and-blood personages, with limbs which the utmost stretch of the imagination cannot induce one to suppose were ever nursed upon dew and honey. Then as for 'tilting with rear mice for their leathern wings,' one would as soon think of setting a regiment of blues to war with blue-bottle flies. They look very classical, and the picture would answer infinitely better to the title of an antique Italian Vintage Feast, than to that by which it is now designated. It however displays the hand of a master, notwithstanding this defect.

84 and 85. 'Ponte Lucano over the Anio,' and 'St. Peter's Monte Mario from the Banks of the Tiber;' W. Havell. In both these pictures the artist has endeavoured to produce the full gorgeous splendour of an Italian sun, and his success is really surprising. The brilliancy of the rays darting from the orb—
'More lovely ere his race be run.'

* Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light—
is almost overpowering.

94. 'A Study from Nature, of an old Man who sailed with Captain Cook on his first Voyage,' W. Hunt. This is one of many studies from Nature by Mr. Hunt, which deserve very high commendation. They are remarkably bold and full of character—those of old men especially. That more immediately under our notice is a finely expressive figure, and is the very *beau idéal* of a fearless, resolute, and intelligent navigator. We must not omit to observe, that Mr. H.'s talent is not confined to figures. He has a 'Bunch of Grapes,' (No. 284) which are deliciously natural.

97. 'The Rezzonico, Two Foscari, and Balbi Palaces at Venice,' S. Prout. An extremely fine specimen of the peculiar powers of this singular artist. No. 106, 'Petrarch's House, at Arquà,' is equally excellent.

174. 'View on the Brathy, near Ambleside,' P. Dewint. To praise the productions of Dewint, is only—

'To gild refined gold—to paint the lily,
Or throw a perfume on the violet.'

This is a picture, of which the English school has reason to be very proud.

112. 'Glen Coe,' by G. F. Robson; with 'Red Deer,' by R. Hills. A magnificent work. The foreground in particular is truly wonderful. Mr. Hills's 'Red Deer' show to great advantage amidst Robson's bold and rich scenery. This is one of his best efforts.

135. 'Clovelly, North Devon,' W. Turner. Mr. Turner's sky is not bad, but the

rocks are wretchedly formal and unnatural, and the water is really ludicrously ill-done.

154. 'Two Children of the Neighbourhood of Attma, preparing for a Festa,' F. Williams. A very pretty little picture, full of Italian character and interest.

159. 'Modern Greece,' J. D. Harding.
'Cold is the heart, fair Greece, that looks on thee,
Nor feels, as lovers, o'er the dust they loved.'

Mr. Harding has looked upon Greece with the eye of a lover, a poet, and a painter, and in the composition before us, the result is interesting and noble in the fullest sense of those expressions. The beauty and truly Greek tone of the scenery are heightened by the introduction of a few figures—the graceful maiden and the picturesquely attired pirate. Altogether, it is a very successful effort of this clever artist.

173. 'Melrose Abbey,' H. Gastineau. Viewed according to the directions of the person best calculated to issue directions upon such a subject—Sir Walter Scott;

'If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light.'

A charming picture, and the moon-light effect managed with almost a dioramic power.

181. 'Southampton Sunset,' Copley Fielding. A most masterly and delightful picture.

257. 'Force of the Tees, Durham,' W. Nesfield. The capital defect of this picture is its want of keeping. The foreground especially is too much broken, and there are no masses either of light or shadow to afford repose to the eye. There is also a very unpleasant predominance of Terra di Siena tints over all the picture. These defects characterise, in a greater or lesser degree, all Mr. Nesfield's productions in the present exhibition—the latter in particular.

261. 'The Letter,' H. Richter. A female, reclining on a sofa, reading a letter. The flesh is very carefully and sweetly worked, but there is little to be said for the correctness of the drawing, or the gracefulness of the attitude.

267. 'The Two Dromios,' *Dromio of Ephesus*. 'Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother: I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.' Comedy of Errors. H. Richter. A clever and whimsical picture, as is its companion, 291, 'The Wedding of Touchstone and Audrey, from 'As you like it.'

278. 'The Procession of the Flitch of Bacon,' and 354, 'The Burning Shame,' a punishment for a bad lawyer, an ancient custom peculiar to the Isle of Wight. T. M. Wright. Both these pictures have very great merit, and form an attractive feature of this Exhibition. It occurs to us, however, that the subjects are treated rather too fancifully. In the first, for example, the female figures preceding the fortunate couple, and strewing flowers in their path, remind us rather of Guido's Hours, than of English peasant girls, and the very classical flow of their drapery accords but ill with the ideas created by the flitch which towers above them. Mr. Wright has been led into this error by a very evident attachment to the manner of Stothard, much of whose gracefulness and style of colouring he has attained. We by no means wish him to abjure the study of his admirable model; we would merely warn him against the obvious danger of so expanding a slight grace as to convert it into a deformity.

We must now bring our remarks to a close. Robson, as we before observed, has been indefatigable, and, in addition to his numerous other contributions, has here presented the public with his series of Views of English Cities, the engravings from which having already been the subjects of our criticism, we have not deemed it necessary to notice them particularly in this place. They alone are worth the price of admission.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(Continued from page 254.)

WE enter, with great pleasure, on our examination of the room in these galleries devoted to the exhibition of water-colour drawings, miniatures, and prints, since they afford decisive proof of improvement, and indeed present specimens of talent which need not shrink from comparison with those offered by the beautiful and extensive collection in the neighbourhood.

522. 'Scene on the river Erme, Devon,' G. Shepherd, is a very sweet drawing, promising still better things.

523. 'Fort Rouge, low water, Calais,' C. Stanfield, shows this very clever artist in a new line of art, yet in which he appears to have laboured with equal facility and effect. We have never seen a finer drawing of the same description from the hand of Turner than this by Mr. Stanfield.

539. 'Flowers,' J. Holland. This beautiful picture and several others, by the same artist, are examples of the most extraordinary talent we have ever examined in this department. Their delicacy of tint, depth of shadow, faithfulness of representation, and tastefulness of composition are admirable. The Holly oaks are especially above our praise, and we sincerely thank the artist for the pleasure we have had in viewing these beautiful transcripts of Flora's choicest gifts.

587 and 588. Portraits by T. and G. Hargreaves, are admirable pictures by two brothers, who in talent are not less nearly related than in blood. The colour of these miniatures is admirable, the finishing delicate, and there is a freedom and character about them rarely seen in works of this dimension, and indicative of great abilities in the painters.

599. 'Mrs. James Robertson.' This number, with many others, attest the knowledge and taste of this fair artist, who is one of our first painters in little, a branch of the art which seems in many respects peculiarly calculated for woman, as demanding grace, elegance, and accuracy.

606. 'Portrait of Mrs. Banim,' H. Callen. A most masterly production, worthy of his well-known pencil.

610. 'Portrait of the Daughter of Dr. Kerrison and the Gleaner,' J. Holmes, are beautiful examples of the powers of Mr. Holmes. The latter is full of touching, rustic beauty, given with fidelity, yet with graceful loveliness and endearing simplicity.

614. 'A View,' C. Barber. This is one of several excellent pictures from an artist resident, we understand, at Birmingham, and certainly an honour to that busy and improving town.

699. 'Vignettes to C. Croker's Fairy Legends,' W. H. Brooke. Never was man more happy in an illustrator than Mr. Croker, for these fairies are indeed the very creatures of fancy and poesy, embodied to the

eye, yet appearing to the touch impalpable. Never have we seen these things that 'live i' th' rainbow' so airy, imaginative, ethereal, and graceful as these, and if they do not give Mr. Brooke higher fame than he ever gained before for his embellishments we may break our wand of prophecy.

But we can no longer proceed methodically, for time presses, and the devil chases the fairies hence. We can only add, therefore, that in this room are many gems that must remain unnoticed by our pen, though they will not be, we trust, by the public. Among the drawings, we noticed some clever ones by Meyer, and among the prints a very pleasing one from G. Hayter's fine picture of 'Lord William Russell's Trial.'

As honorary painters, the Rev. T. H. Judkin, W. H. Harriett, Esq., and W. Delmar, Esq., present us with many admirable pictures. Mr. Judkin has only one, but it is singularly spirited and faithful, with all the freshness of nature upon it, reminding us of Constable's best landscapes. Mr. Harriett has five pictures, in oil and water colours, all of which are very clear, much resembling in subject the pictures of Roberts, but expressed in an original style. Mr. Delmar has several good landscapes, but his best is unquestionably a 'Moonlight,' which has much of the deep shadow and silvery tones which distinguish Mr. Hoffland's pictures by that lover's light, and in all his works there is evidently fine taste, and more industry than is generally found in men of fortune.

The sculpture in this exhibition is very fine, as there are several of Kendrick's best works, the 'Poetry and Painting' of Bailey, some fine friezes by young Henning, and a variety of good busts and particularly beautiful models.

872. 'Eve's Dream' is full of tenderness, and sweetly chiselled in some parts: and on the whole, the room forms an appropriate and interesting portion of the exhibition.

We are happy to learn from the keeper's book, that between sixty and seventy pictures are already disposed of; and when we recollect the unfavourable state of the weather for the last six weeks, with the exception of half as many days, we cannot but rejoice in so encouraging an appearance of public favour as this circumstance presents.

The 60th Exhibition of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House, was yesterday opened for the private view of the Royal Family, the Nobility, and others connected with the Fine Arts. The President, Sir T. Lawrence, has eight highly finished portraits of distinguished individuals, among which (No. 463) that of the Earl of Eldon, will at once convey to posterity a striking evidence of the skill of the painter, and a correct likeness of one of the most eminent lawyers of our day. The Marquis of Stafford, with his accustomed liberality, has already become a purchaser.

There was yesterday a private view of Historical English Portraits, the exhibition of which will be opened to the public on Monday next. The visitors were numerous and fashionable, and appeared to be much gratified.

The King has purchased Mr. Haydon's 'Mock Election,' at the munificent sum of £500. This is as it should be.

Miranda. Engraved by W. SCRIVEN, after a Painting by W. Hilton, R. A. Moon, Boys, and Co. London, 1828.

THIS is a charming representation of one of Shakspeare's loveliest creations, and does honour to both painter and engraver. There is an innocent gracefulness of expression in the features, and a luxurious beauty in the form, that accord well with our pre-conceived notions of one

'So perfect, and so peerless, one created
Of every creature's best.'

She is gazing with compassionate earnestness on the log-laden Fernando, who is toiling up towards the rock near which she stands, and seems about to say—

'Alas, now! pray you
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to
pile.'

Miss Hughes, as Reiza, in the Opera of Oboron. Engraved by THOMAS JONES, after a Painting by W. M'Call. London, 1828. Moon, Boys, and Co.

THERE is considerable elegance about the execution of this engraving, and the likeness is tolerably correct.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.—*King's Theatre.*—

April 26. Il Barbiere di Seviglia, and Phyllis et Melibée.—29. Il Barbiere di Seviglia, and Les Pages du Duc de Vendome.—May 1. Il Don Giovanni, and Phyllis et Melibée.

Drury Lane, April 25. Guy Mannering, The Dumb Savoyard, and Der Freischutz.—26. Monsieur Tonson, The Haunted Inn, Deaf as a Post, and The Dumb Savoyard.—28. Virginus, Aladdin, and The Dumb Savoyard.—29. The Poor Gentleman, Aladdin, and The Dumb Savoyard.—30. Guy Mannering, and Aladdin.—May 1. Love for Love, Love, Law, and Physic, and The Dumb Savoyard.

Covent Garden, April 25. Othello, and The Miller and his Men.—26. The Point of Honour, The Little Offsprings, and The Sergeant's Wife.—28. Richard III., and Peter Wilkins.—29. The Beggars' Opera, The Little Offsprings, and The Invincibles.—30. Der Freischutz, The Scapegoat, and Peter Wilkins.—May 1. Othello, and Katherine and Petruchio.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Peake's two *Little Offsprings* were ushered into the theatrical world on Saturday last; but we regret to add, that, after much struggling, they breathed their last on Tuesday evening. The exertions of Mrs. Davenport, the fond mother of the little male offspring, (Keeley,) united to the unrivalled abilities of Fawcett and Bartley, were ineffectual; the fate of the innocents was decreed, and they are now safely deposited within the tomb of the Capulets.

All that the pruning knife has spared of the *Beggar's Opera* was revived on Tuesday night, and produced a very good house. Miss Stephens, as Polly, sung delightfully; she was encored twice in the duet with Mrs. Peachum, 'O Polly you might have toyed and kissed.' The inimitable Kelly played Lucy in her best style, and shared with Miss Stephens the well-merited applause of the audience; in truth we never saw this opera acted with greater spirit. Mr. Wood played Macheath for the first time, and was well received. An apology was made for the absence of Madame Vestris, by Fawcett, who

requested the indulgence of the audience in favour of Miss Goward, who again undertook and ably performed Victoire, in *The Invincibles*.

Mr. Young, at the end of the present season, will transfer his services to Drury Lane Theatre, where he has been engaged to perform by the lessee of that establishment, when the theatre opens in September. Mr. Macready will retire from old Drury when the theatre closes.

An action of some theatrical notoriety will come on for trial in the next November term. It is a suit brought by Mr. Price against Mr. Davidge, the patentee of the Coburg, for an alleged infringement of the former's patent in performing the tragedies of *Douglas* and *Richard the Third*.

Young Wieland has perfectly recovered from the injury he sustained by the fall from the side upright at Drury Lane Theatre.

VARIETIES.

We contradicted in our last the reported assassination of the enterprising travellers, Major Clapperton and Captain Laing. We regret exceedingly to have now to state, that Major Clapperton died of dysentery, at Socototoo, on the 13th of April, 1827. We subjoin an extract from Captain Laing's letter:—'At Whydah I was informed of a white man being on shore at Badagry. I went there to ascertain the truth, and am happy to say I succeeded in getting on board Richard Lander, with four black men, and the papers belonging to the late Captain Clapperton, who fell a sacrifice to dysentery, at Socototoo, on the 13th of April, 1827. Mr. Dixon has never been heard of. Report says, that my worthy namesake was at Timbuctoo in March last. To liberate these poor fellows, with Captain Clapperton's Journal, has cost me a few days' detention, and goods to the amount of sixty-one pounds; the latter, I should think, would be willingly repaid you by his Majesty's government, and the sacrifice of the former I am sure you will not blame me for. Enclosed you have a receipt from Richard Lander, for the goods I paid to the King of Badagry, as well as what he had for his subsistence while there.'

The Duke of Cumberland has been elected a member of the Royal Academy: his royal highness has also enrolled his name among the members of the Medico-Botanical Society.

An engraving from Mulready's celebrated picture of the Wolf and the Lamb, in his Majesty's possession, is just finished in exquisite style, in the line manner, under the superintendence of a committee of artists, and will be immediately published for the benefit of the Artists' Fund.

Dissection.—Anatomy is as indispensable a branch of a surgeon's profession, as stitching is of a tailor's, and a knowledge of anatomy can only be acquired by dissection. Who would submit a leg or an arm to the knife of an operator, all whose skill was derived from books of prints, or models in wax? Or what practitioner, though having all Bell and Munroe at his finger's ends, would venture to extirpate the shoulder-joint, or to undertake a case of lithotomy, without having gone over the process repeatedly on the dead

subject? alone made dead is safety of enough to common anatomical tion of st culty is suggested poor persons glad to le poses, if would be point. Tee of the to see some effect. The Co quently-c Park, wi day, (Sat City and the Pand will be ex

Cancer setts, for House of count of published highly w the wife many ye which im proved i used whi cipal ing is found lands wh pine timb ever-bitt plant, & is Pyrola boiling t vessel co pulverise decoction num too internally the defec in a day stantly ounce o cond day easion re this treat patient no incor that time

Cotton covery. The gen gia, in a seed and the corn seed wi result, v his atten and fina the taste seed, th hogshead duced a large qu quality, duced, a traordin Journa

subject? In all the manual arts, practice alone makes perfect; and practice upon the dead is often absolutely necessary for the safety of the living. Nobody will be silly enough to deny, therefore, that it is for the common good to have a sufficient supply of anatomical subjects provided for the instruction of students in surgery. The whole difficulty is how to procure them.—It has been suggested to us, as one means, that many poor persons, paupers, and others, would be glad to leave their bodies for anatomical purposes, if they could be sure that ten pounds would be given to any person they might appoint. The subject is now before a committee of the House of Commons, and we hope to see some practical expedients carried into effect.

The Coliseum—the long-talked of and frequently-described Coliseum, in the Regent's Park, will be opened for a private view this day, (Saturday,) as will a new View of the City and Bay of Genoa, by Mr. Burford, at the Panorama, Leicester Square; and both will be exhibited to the public on Monday.

Cancer.—General Varnum, of Massachusetts, for many years speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, has given an account of the cure of a cancer, which has been published in several of the papers, and is highly worthy of attention. The patient was the wife of General Varnum, who was seized many years ago with a cancer in her ankle, which increased rapidly. Other medicines proved ineffectual, until the application was used which produced the cure. 'The principal ingredient is an evergreen plant, which is found in all the northern states, in woodlands which produce a mixture of oak and pine timber. It is by different people called ever-bitter sweet, wintergreen, rheumatism plant, &c. The botanical name of the plant is *Pyrola*. We made a strong decoction, by boiling the *pyrola* in pure water, placed in a vessel containing a considerable quantity of pulverised rolled sulphur, and poured the decoction upon it, boiling hot. Mrs. Varnum took a small quantity of the decoction, internally, two or three times a day, bathed the defective part adjacent to it several times in a day, and kept a cloth wet with it constantly on the ankle. She took about an ounce of common medicinal salts every second day—the decoction was renewed as occasion required.' The beneficial effects of this treatment were soon experienced. The patient recovered in six weeks, and has felt no inconvenience in the part affected since that time.—*New York paper.*

Cotton Seed Whiskey.—This modern discovery, like many others, was accidental. The gentleman, a Mr. John Gray, of Georgia, in a careless moment, suffered his cotton seed and corn to be thrown together; and, the corn being scarce, he threw the cotton seed with the corn into the brewery. The result, viz. the quantity of whiskey, arrested his attention. He then mixed half and half, and finally sold it, without any detection in the taste. He then went on to try all cotton seed, throwing a peck of meal into each hogshead, to cause fermentation. This produced a vigorous extraction of gas; and a large quantity of oil, bland, and of a drying quality, well suited for painting, was produced, and the quantity of whiskey was extraordinary from the cotton seed.—*Alabama Journal.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
April 25	56	59	47	29 75	Showers.
..... 26	55	60	46	.. 94	Fair.
..... 27	59	65	46	30 15	Fine.
..... 28	61	71	55	.. 20	Fine.
..... 29	69	71	57	.. 20	Fine.
..... 30	60	63	49	.. 24	Cloudy.
May 1	53	68	49	.. 24	Fair.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

A Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq. in our next.

The Warning is left at the office for the author, whom we thank for his kind intentions.

ERRATUM.—In the paragraph on Covent Garden, last week, the following sentence in brackets was omitted, after 'the Sir Peter and Lady Teazle of the evening' [Wednesday being the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth-day, Othello was, appropriately enough, chosen for the performance of the evening] which, as usual, produced a crowded house.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia.—Ichthyology: Fishes of Ceylon, after Drawings from Nature.—Detraction Displayed, by Mrs. Opie.—Three Days at Killarney, and other Poems, by the Rev. C. Hoyle.—A third edition of the Correspondence and Memoirs of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Carr's Synopsis of Practical Philosophy, 12s.—Smith's Autographs, No. 1, 5s.—Merle's Costanza, a Poem, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Memorable Events in Paris, 1824, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Fuller on Wheel Carriages, 7s. 6d.—Mathilde, or the Crusades, 8s.—Farewell to Time, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—The English in France, three vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.—Nichol's Literary Illustrations, Vol. 5.—Craven Dialect, two vols. post 8vo. £1.—The Croppy, a Tale, three vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Hunt's Byron, two vols. 8vo. 28s.—Religious Discourses, by a Layman, 4s. 6d.—Visit to my Birth-Place, 2s. 6d.—Glenalpin, two vols. 10s. 6d.—Warrens on Square Roots of Negative Quantities, 5s.—Browne's Ada, and other Poems, 8s. 6d.—Algebraic Exercises, by H. Otley.—A Summer's Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, 8vo. 10s.

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Contents of No. CXXXIX.

I. Lockhart's Life of Burns.—II. To Meet Again, by Delta.—III. To the Rhine.—IV. The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Spain and Portugal.—V. The Irish Yeoman; a Tale of the Year Ninety-Eight.—VI. Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity.—VII. The Burden of Babylon.—VIII. To the Sweet-scented Cyclamen.—IX. Noctes Ambrosianae, No. 36.

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